

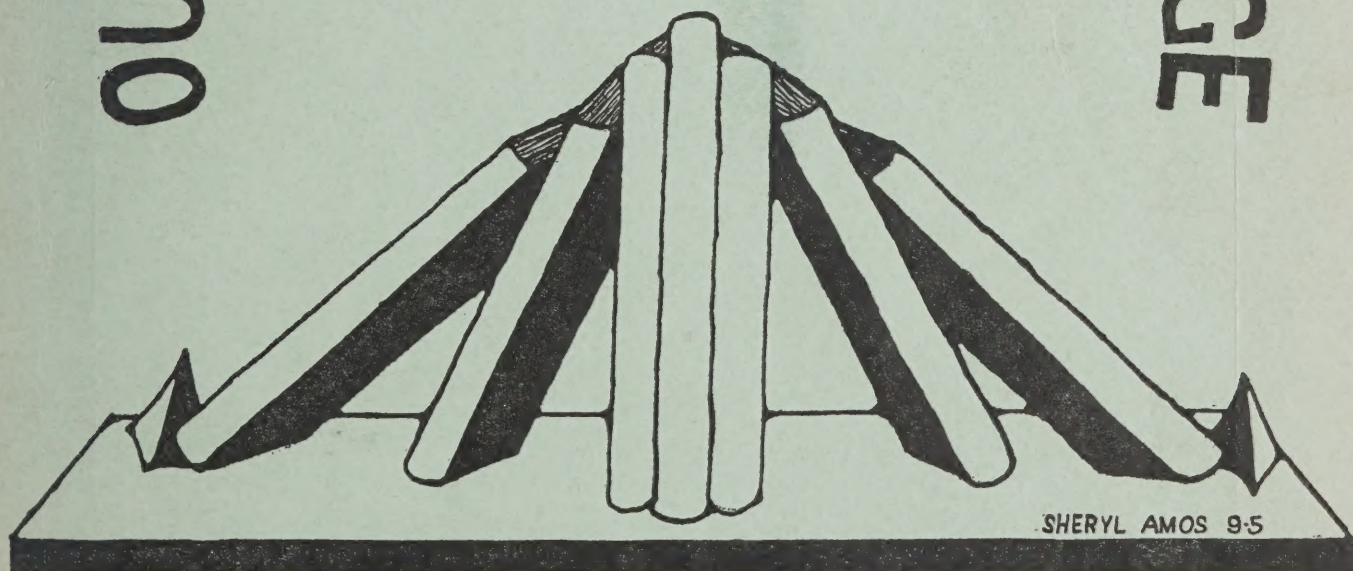
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# BRISCOE BRIEFS

OUR HARVEST OF KNOWLEDGE



JUNE

1962

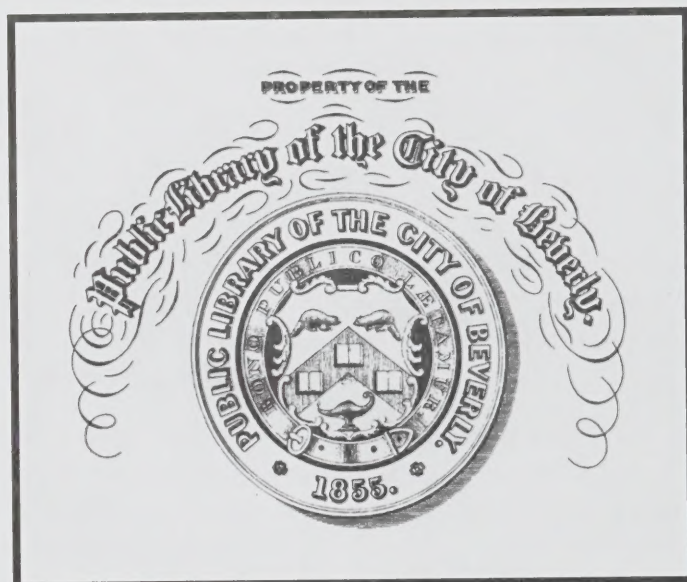
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conservation

and management of estates left in trust.

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# BRISCOE BRIEFS

An annual publication by the students of Briscoe Junior High School  
Beverly, Massachusetts

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VOLUME XXXV

JUNE, 1962

PRICE 65c

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*Theme:*

*"A Hard Beginning Maketh a Good Ending"*

JOHN HEYWOOD

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# Briscoe Faculty



Mr. Morel, Mrs. Bingham, Mr. Raymond, Mrs. Fawver,  
Mr. Brown



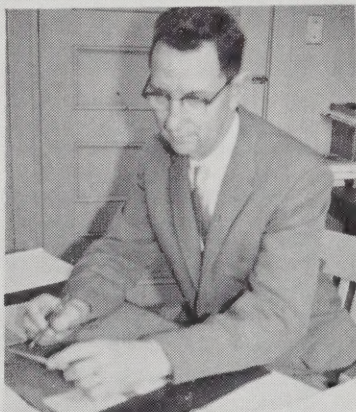
Seated: Miss Grady, Miss French, Miss Trowt;  
Standing: Mr. Sherman



Miss Leighton, Mrs. Parks



Seated: Mrs. Zani, Miss Crowell, Mrs. Small;  
Standing: Mr. Hopkinson, Mr. Sykes



Principal Chester H. Battis



Mrs. Poulin, Mr. Bonaiuto, Miss Larcom



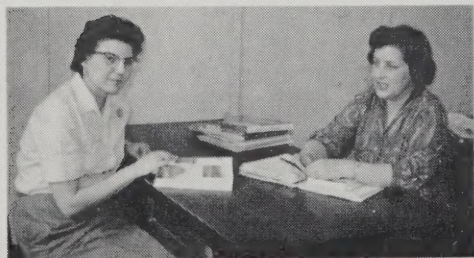
Seated: Mrs. Jalbert, Mrs. Pearce, Mrs. LeCours;  
Standing: Miss Shea, Mr. Fortunato



Mr. Gilboard,  
Teacher in charge



Seated: Miss Titcomb, Miss Lendbetter, Mrs. Hadley;  
Standing: Mr. Hurley, Mr. Winquist



Mrs. Ralph, Mrs. Shafer



Mrs. Bellohnsen, Miss Maskell;  
Inset—Miss Gravelle



Mr. Carbone, Mr. Mini;  
Inset—Mr. Smith



## DEDICATION

The 1962 edition of the **Briscoe Briefs** is respectfully and gratefully dedicated to Principal Chester H. Battis and the Briscoe Faculty. In a most difficult year, which saw increased enrollment, the inauguration of the two-platoon system and the return to one session at the half year, and heavy demands on their time and energy, they maintained the high educational standards and the sincere interest in the welfare of their students which is traditional at Briscoe.



## *Briscoe Faculty*

CHESTER H. BATTIS, *Principal*

CHARLES M. GILBOARD, *Teacher in Charge*

### *English*

FRANCES E. TROWT  
JOHN C. CARBONE (*Social Studies*)  
DANIEL P. HURLEY  
JOAN LEADBETTER  
ROBERT D. SHERMAN

### *Social Studies*

ALLAN G. HOPKINSON  
ANITA C. BINGHAM (*Guidance*)  
ROBERT B. BROWN (*Guidance*)  
CHARLES M. GILBOARD

### *Foreign Languages*

LOIS B. LARCOM  
ANTHONY J. BONAIUTO  
BARBARA J. POULIN

### *Art*

CORNELIA LEIGHTON  
*Typewriting and Business Training*  
DAWN E. PARKS

### *Home Economics*

HELEN TITCOMB

### *Industrial Arts*

WILLIAM J. MINI  
OTTO R. WINQUIST

### *Special Class*

MILDRED V. MICKELSON

### *Mathematics*

RUTH L. FRENCH  
SUSAN A. FAWVER  
MARY P. GRADY  
PAUL W. SYKES

### *Science*

WAYNE RAYMOND  
CONSTANCE HADLEY (*Social Studies*)  
RAYMOND A. MOREL (*Guidance*)  
RUTH O. RALPH  
BARBARA H. SCHAFER

### *Grade Seven*

LOUISE BELLOHUSEN  
MARGARET M. CROWELL  
ARMAND L. FORTUNATO (*Guidance*)  
HELEN GRAVELLE  
JEANNE I. JALBERT  
ELAINE LECOURS  
LOUISE B. MASKELL (*Guidance*)  
NANCY W. PEARSE  
N. CAROLYN SHEA  
EILEEN K. SMALL

### *Physical Education*

DOROTHY A. ZANI  
LEO M. SMITH

### *Music*

EILEEN G. KELLY

# *Briscoe Briefs Staff*

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ELIZABETH HASKELL *Grade 8*

KRISTINE MATSON *Grade 7*

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ELEANOR WILLIAMSON

## *Feature*

ANN RACOW

## *Humor*

BARBARA BARNETT

## *Art*

VANCE GARRY

## *Sports*

GERI LAVENTIS

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## *Assistant Business Managers*

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JEFFREY RUDSTEN *Grade 7*

## *Reporters*

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SHEILA DRISCOLL

HOLLY HARRISON

RUTH KIDDLE *Secretary*

GERI LAVENTIS

JEAN LUTHER

JOEL MARGOLIS

GAIL MATSON

JENNIFER MILLER

BRENDA PAYSON

SANDRA PIERCE

PAULA POLANSKI

JANE ROBERTSON

SUSAN RYNO

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LINDA WILLIS

MARGARET MINIGAN

## *Faculty Advisers*

DAWN E. PARKS, *Business*

FRANCES E. TROWT, *Director*

CORNELIA LEIGHTON, *Art*



# Editorials

## FROM BEGINNING TO END

**A** hard beginning maketh a good ending." Does it? Did John Heywood mean that it always does? Was he thinking of a few well-known examples, such as Columbus, Lincoln, and Franklin? Or did he say this merely to give us the courage to work harder to attain higher achievements? We see that other than the denotation of this statement, there are connotations equally as important as the literal meaning of the question.

A pessimist would most likely feel a hard beginning makes a hard ending. Not wanting to recognize the fact that Lincoln and others like him succeeded, he would immediately remember cases where many starting with strife ended with strife. The optimist, on the other hand, would surely react to success or failure with, "Those're the breaks!"

Those who are fatalists believe that all is predestined. One cannot accept the concept of free will. The individualist is the victim of fate.

Antagonists would take the opposite point of view for the sake of an argument, while pacifists would make a compromise to avoid adversity.

Here at Briscoe, we have problems to surmount much greater than those of students who attend classes at new buildings with all up-to-date equipment. Our science laboratory, especially, is as old as Briscoe itself. Nevertheless, we learn perhaps even more than others by repairing and making our own equipment. In the end we comprehend far more about the inside of, let's say, an electro-static machine than just seeing the results of plugging it in. Although physical facilities are lacking, our mental capabilities in English, social studies, and other subjects are exercised more in the line of imagination and cultivating resourcefulness than those of students with all possible modern aids of learning.

While there are negative feelings towards Heywood's quotations, I contend that conquering our problems helps us greatly in the future.

SUSAN WALES, Editor-in-Chief

## THE MINDS OF MEN

**A** hard beginning maketh a good ending." In these few words there is more meaning than appears on the surface. Whether it be a hard or relatively smooth beginning, everything has to be created in someone's mind and then put to a test. The more work that is put into the creating of the idea, the better the results will be.

From the discovery of our continent to the present day triumphs and disappointments in space, there has been a tremendous amount of weighty thinking and creating. For six centuries men like Christopher Columbus and Lieutenant Colonel John Glenn, to name only two, are among thousands who have done much to unite the universe. This took much deep concentration and determination. Although many of these men knew adversity, such as lack of money and support for their projects, or numerous delays, set-backs, personal physical danger, most of them never gave up. Even though they might have had hard beginnings, the endings usually came out for the best.

I think it is easy to see the meaning of the quotation which serves as the theme of our magazine. If more people in the world would read it and understand it, I think it would help many in accomplishing their goals.

BETSY HASKELL, Assistant Editor, Grade 8

## THOUGHTS OF A BRISCOE SEVENTH GRADER

**T**HE seventh graders, as beginning students at Briscoe Junior High School, encounter a program more difficult than any other they have previously experienced. A helpful guide and a very necessary step in assuring the proper adjustment to this new life is the "Briscoe Creed." The pupil imbued with ideals built upon cooperation and fair play finds he can master the initial ordeal of homework assignments. He learns to plan his schedule so that sufficient time is allotted to each subject. Successful accomplishment will be the result of development of the power of concentration.

In addition to mastering more difficult and



more varied subject matter, the pupil must adapt to the requirements of several teachers. Here utilization of the inner resources of honesty, courtesy, and respect form the basis of a stable personality. Becoming a member of the large "Briscoe Family" makes the pupil feel he really belongs. Actions and deeds now must be rooted in dependability and loyalty. Orientation completed, the future eighth graders accept the challenge of oncoming educational tasks. Onward, Briscoe citizens!

KRISTINE MATSON, Assistant Editor, Grade 7

## FREEDOM

"Once upon a midnight dreary,  
As I pondered weak and weary,

O'er an exceptionally difficult algebra problem, I suddenly found myself surrounded, as in a cocoon, by many thoughts. I was distracted from my meditation by a squeal of joy from the snow below me. There, outside my window was an unposed picture of America. The gentle swaying motion of the trees, the glistening of snow from the sun, the children enjoying themselves amidst a barrage of snowballs, a small animal running as free..... as free..... freedom, yes, that was what had troubled my mind in such a manner that concentration was impossible. But why had that seven letter word created such a disturbance?

What exactly is freedom? Is it merely a word found in a dictionary, a mass of letters in a textbook? No . . . it is not. Freedom is something intangible, and I believe it is written on the heart of every true American. In my opinion, freedom is a way of life, a way of doing things.

We, the citizens of tomorrow must realize that because freedom is here today, there is no guarantee it will be here tomorrow. It is frightening that many Americans do not realize the threat of Communism, and the strangling hold that Communistic forces are executing on other nations. If we can imagine freedom on the light of a candle, and Communism as a breeze trying to blow out the light, we have a valid example of the point I am trying to make. As the breeze is attempting to snuff out the candle, so is Communism trying to snuff out freedom. Communism has tried hard to damage our forces, but we must not take a defeatist attitude. We have responsibilities to the rest of the world, and

they must not be overlooked. People must wake up and realize that in order to survive in this civilization, freedom must prevail at all costs.

RONDA RUDOLPH 9-6

## OLD GLORY

THE flag of the United States has many names. It is called "The Star-Spangled Banner," "The Red, White, and Blue," or "The Stars and Stripes." We all know how the flag looks, but do we know what the colors and symbols represent? The stripes stand for the thirteen original colonies of the United States. The stars symbolize the states.

The colors of the American flag are red, white, and blue. Each color signifies a good character trait. White is for purity and innocence, red represents hardiness and valor, blue reminds us of three important things; vigilance, perserverance, and justice.

The Star-Spangled Banner has undergone many changes in many years. All Americans should respect it. The Pledge of Allegiance, a short paragraph to show our faithfulness to "Old Glory," should be recited at least the first time we see the flag everyday.

SHARON CURRAN 7-8

## PHOTOGRAPHY AND TYPING

THIS year two groups of students have been functioning as new committees on the BRIEFS.

The photography committee has added much to our yearbook. Many candid shots of students are currently appearing in BRIEFS, much to the amusement or embarrassment of certain individuals. Those on the committee were Paula Polansky, Kristine Matson, Lola Sharrock, Linda Willis, Jane Robertson, and Holly Harrison. Photographers were Ralph Turcott, Barbara Dove, Kristine Matson, Jeanette Strahl, and Ronda Rudolph.

Typists have also played an important role in the magazine, as all material submitted to the staff had to be typed. Those who took on this task were Barbara Dove, Susan Morrison, Eleanor Williamson, Linda Willis, Ruth Kiddle, Sheryl Fallis, Margaret Minigan, Jean Luther, Sheila Driscoll, Geri Laventis, Gail Matson, and Paula Polansky.

RONDA RUDOLPH 9-6



# Features

## BRISCOE SCHOLAR CANDIDATES 1959-1962

John Davin	Patricia Hubbard
Sheryl Fallis	Robert Ossoff
Susan Freedman	Ronda Rudolph
Jeanette Strahl	

As of the end of the third quarter of our current year, the above ninth graders have achieved the distinction of receiving first honors for scholarship for each quarter. We congratulate them upon their fine records and sincerely hope that the names of these students will be announced at graduation as Briscoe Scholars, 1959-1962. A similar record in citizenship follows:

## BRISCOE CITIZEN CANDIDATES 1959-1962

Barbara Dove  
Sheryl Fallis  
Ronda Rudolph

## MR. GILBOARD

Returning from the mid-winter vacation, Briscoe pupils realized that change is one of the realities of life. On February 26, the return to single session became effective. Eighth and ninth grade classes resumed the normal eight-fifteen to two p.m. schedule at Briscoe, joined by two of the seventh grade divisions. The remaining seventh grade divisions took up school life in several of the elementary schools.

The unexpected change was the absence of Principal Chester H. Battis, who met with a serious accident on February 23 and was confined to Beverly Hospital for several weeks and to his home for several more weeks. Mr. Charles Gilboard, teacher in charge during the two-sessions, proved a very capable substitute for Mr. Battis. Briscoe students and teachers gained an added respect for him as they recognized his able leadership at a difficult time. The staff of the **Briscoe Briefs** wishes to express publicly Briscoe's thanks to Mr. Gilboard.

## CLASS SONG — 1962

With the knowledge gained from Briscoe,  
And the lessons which now unfold,  
We shall go into the future  
With banner blue and gold,  
For the colors will remind us  
Of the years we spent with you,  
Of friendships we shall treasure,  
O, Briscoe Sixty-two.

Oh, the Keys will help us onward  
And will unlock future doors;  
They will help us in our learning  
In high school and beyond;  
As we leave the halls of Briscoe  
And sorrowfully depart,  
Your spirit will be cherished  
Within each student's heart.

BARBARA DOVE 9-5

## BARBARA DOVE

**B**ARBARA Dove has the distinction of being the first student in many years to write both music and words for the class song. It is the custom at Briscoe for students in the ninth grade to compose lyrics to a chosen melody for their class song sung at graduation. Thus Barbara has won a double honor.

Interested in music since the age of six, Barbara plays both the cello and the alto horn. For several years she has been a member of various school orchestras under the direction of Mr. Finnegan.

Barbara is a member of the staff of the **Briscoe Briefs** and has taken part in many class projects and discussions. An honor student, her favorite subjects are algebra and science.

JEANETTE STRAHL 9-6





Social Studies Discussion Group—"Voice of America"



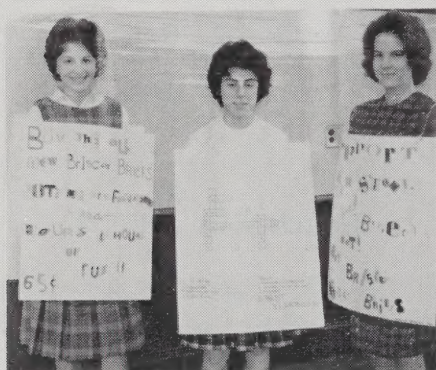
Faculty Panel—"Can Science and Social Studies Be Separated?"



Panel Discussion—English 9-6



Briscoe Keys: Ronda Rudolph, Jeanette Strahl, Kay Datillo, Susan Wales, Janet Burrow.



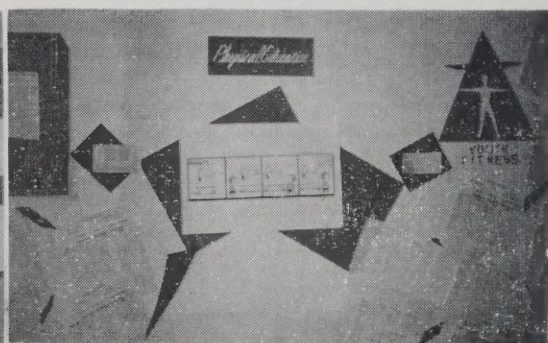
BRIEFS' Publicity Agents



Thanksgiving Bulletin Board—Room 204



Graphic Arts



Bulletin Boards

Physical Education



## TWO PLATOONS

IN September, 1961, Beverly junior high school students began the two-platoon system. Classes for eighth and ninth graders began at 8:05 A.M. and ended at 12:30 P.M. The seventh grade classes were from 12:45 P.M. to 4:45 P.M.

Most of the eighth and ninth graders enjoyed leaving the building at 12:30 P.M. and did not care or wonder what it was like to leave school at 4:45 P.M. and walk home in the cold darkness. They did miss the sociability of club and cafeteria and more mature pupils recognized the educational disadvantages of a shortened school day.

When interviewed at the beginning of the year, many of the Briscoe ninth grade teachers felt the two-platoon system contained, as Mr. Sherman said, "... definite disadvantages for all concerned ..."

After the change over to the single session, Mrs. Shafer stated, "This system is much better for the seventh grade pupils because they now have the benefits of a full school day." Eleanor Williamson, one of the ninth grade students interviewed, liked the two-platoon system but also said, "I think, though, the seventh grades must have a terrible time." After the return to the single session day, Eleanor said, "I like this school day much better because I have more time in school for activities and doing homework."

After returning to the one-session day, the students from division 7-10 declared that they like going to school from 8:00 A.M. until 2:00 P.M. much better than going from 12:45 P.M. to 4:45 P.M. while other pupils protested the change, the majority were for it. Now, the pupils have become accustomed to the schedule and would not enjoy returning to the two-platoon system.

ANN RACOW 9-6

## A TRIP TO THE POST OFFICE

WHEN we receive a letter, open, read it, and carelessly toss it away, little do we realize the work which goes into the delivery of the written word. Our seventh grade class had the opportunity to really get behind the scenes with Acting Postmaster, John Condon, and Acting Superintendent of Mails, Arthur



### MR. ROBERT WATSON

MR. ROBERT WATSON, whose educational background includes Salem State College, Tufts University, and Harvard University, became assistant superintendent of the Beverly Public Schools in October, 1961. His position is a many-faceted one. One of his most complex duties is to coordinate the curriculum studies for the various levels of education: elementary and junior and senior high school. This includes planning the subject content and the rate of progress for each course of study.

Another very important task of the assistant superintendent of schools is to recruit and interview teachers to fill places left by resigning or retiring instructors and to take over new classes created by a growing population. When one realizes how many new teachers are hired each school year, one can understand why this is a matter of concern to Mr. Watson.

Mr. Watson feels that a school system is only as strong as the teachers in it, and he would like to do his best to recruit the most capable teachers available. His experience as a school administrator in Wilton, Connecticut, and Concord, Massachusetts, well qualify him for this task.

When asked about the Beverly School System, Mr. Watson answered that it was basically a sound system, but as always there is room for improvement.

Mr. Watson lives in Beverly with his wife and two children.

Whittenhagen. Our guided tour began in the office of the postmaster. Here we studied a picture of the post office as it looked in 1911 and learned of the previous postmasters. As Mr. Condon led us through his door into the actual working area, he stressed the fact that without him or a postal employee as a guide, we would be considered trespassers. To our left was a huge safe which contained stamps whose total value is approximately \$14,000. To our right was the cancellation machine, which stamps place, time, and date at the rate of four to five hundred letters at a time, depending on their size. From the cancellation machine we went to the typing machine, where we observed the mechanical process of typing letters together. Our next observations were in the sorting department where the letters are arranged according to districts. The mail carriers assume the responsibility of allocating the mail to individual house-numbered boxes placed on table-like stands. In this area was provided opportunity for each student to find his street and house box. Mr. Whittenhagen's explanation revealed the comprehensive duties of mail carriers. As we re-entered the office, Mr. Condon consented to pose for pictures on the front steps with the class. From this tour each student gained a better understanding and appreciation of the services provided by the United States Postal System.

KRISTINE MATSON 7-4

## "CRACKER BARREL" DISCUSSION

ON Thursday, April 5, 1962, in Room 24, the Social Studies Discussion Group met and questions pertaining to politics were asked and discussed. The pupils and teachers sat around a cracker barrel and were offered crackers to signify that this was to be similar to an old-fashioned "fireside" discussion.

Teachers participating were Mrs. Bingham, Mr. Gilboard, Mr. Hurley, and Mr. Hopkinson. The pupils were Naomi Gordon, Susan Freedman, Gail Matson, Mark Glovsky, James Doyle, Richard Miller, and Charles Dangerfield. Other students were invited to watch and comment if they wished to do so.

The first question asked was, "What is politics?" President Kennedy says, "It is a science rather than an art." Mr. Gilboard expressed his views while munching on a cracker. He said,

"It is an art of the possible, the art of making possible things which on the surface seem impossible."

Following this statement many other interesting opinions were expressed, soon leading into the topic, "Why do we have political parties?" Naomi Gordon stated, "Political parties are needed to run the government." It was finally agreed by everyone that there is no other way that a citizen can go to the polls and cast a vote that really means anything. If there were no political parties, one would not know why he was voting for a person. With parties the candidates can come to the voter, and express their beliefs; the voter can then make his choice.

More comments were made on this topic, after which the panel discussed "Conservatives and Liberals." After this Mr. Hopkinson made an interesting point. He said, "Many people copy their relatives' beliefs concerning political parties." Mr. Hurley said, "Democrats are Democrats because their grandmothers were Democrats and Republicans are Republicans because their great-great-grandfathers were Republicans 'back in the Civil War Days.'"

The next topic was, "What is an Independent?" Charles Dangerfield said, "An Independent is a Democrat or a Republican who strongly believes in a view which is not shared by the two main parties."

Mr. Gilboard believes there is no Independent party. He said, "There are in existence people who call themselves Independents."

Discussion continued until time and crackers ran out. Each participant had a chance to express these final opinions:

Richard Miller: "Edward Kennedy is only seeking the limelight."

James Doyle: "An Independent is a man who votes for the man, not the party."

Gail Matson: "Individuals should support their party and do what they can to get their candidate into office."

Mark Glovsky: "A person should know why he is voting for a certain candidate."

Mr. Hurley: "Politics is the medium upon which national opinion revolves."

Mr. Gilboard: "All topics discussed are interrelated. They are the branches of general politics."

MARGARET MINIGAN 9-3

RUTH KIDDLE 9-3



# New Teachers

## MRS. BINGHAM

Because of increased enrollment, another guidance counselor joined the Briscoe faculty in September. Mrs. Anita Bingham, who holds degrees from Rollins College and Harvard Graduate School of Education, also teaches social studies classes. Mrs. Bingham and her husband, a lawyer, have four daughters in the college age group. They make their home in Manchester.

## MRS. EBERLY

Mrs. Ruth Eberly joined Briscoe this year as the teacher in charge of the library. A former pupil at Briscoe, she is a graduate of Radcliffe College, and received her Master's Degree from Syracuse University.

Mrs. Eberly was a ninth and tenth grade social studies teacher at Cortland High School in New York and is now here on a leave of absence.

Mrs. Eberly has three children: a daughter living in Baltimore, a son in medical school, and another son working in the Department of Education in Nigeria.

Although Mrs. Eberly has seen many changes at Briscoe, she said, "I enjoy the work and I enjoy the students."

## MISS CAROLYN SHEA

Miss Carolyn Shea, one of our new Seventh grade teachers, was born in Boston. She attended Salem State Teachers College before coming to Briscoe to teach. In her spare time Miss Shea works with the Marblehead Little Theater. She also enjoys such hobbies as reading, music, and skiing.

## MRS. KELLEY

Mrs. Eileen Griffin Kelley, Briscoe's new music teacher, is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music and the Surret School of Music. Mrs. Kelley now resides in Weston, Massachusetts. She enjoys skiing, boating, skating, and bowling. When asked what she thought of Briscoe, she replied, "Very spirited . . . in a nice way."

## MISS GRADY

A new teacher to join the Briscoe staff in the fall of 1961 was Miss Mary Grady, who teaches eighth grade mathematics. Miss Grady lives in Salem, Massachusetts. Before coming to Briscoe, she attended St. Mary's School in Salem, Salem High School, and Salem State College, from which she graduated last June. Her favorite hobbies are golf and music.

Says Miss Grady, "The atmosphere at Briscoe is very warm and cheerful."

## MRS. HADLEY

Mrs. Constance Hadley, who teaches social studies and science, has lived on both coasts of the United States. In her junior year of high school she moved from California to Massachusetts. Here she received a bachelor of science degree from the University of Massachusetts. Married to a district executive of the North Shore Council, Boy Scouts of America, she has three children whose ages range from eight to twelve and who attend school in Marblehead where the Hadleys have their home.

## MR. HURLEY

Mr. Daniel Hurley, an English teacher, was born in Beverly. He was educated in the city's public schools. After graduating from high school, he attended Salem Teachers College. This is Mr. Hurley's first year of teaching. During the summer he works with retarded children. Mr. Hurley's hobbies, among many, include hunting and fishing. He now lives in Beverly.

## MRS. POULIN

Mrs. Poulin, the new French teacher at Briscoe, as well as at Memorial, was born in Leominster, Massachusetts. She received her Bachelor of Arts degree from Boston University, where she majored in Romance languages. Before coming to Briscoe, Mrs. Poulin taught in Claremont, New Hampshire; Wilbraham, Massachusetts; and also at a private school in Andover, New Hampshire. She enjoys such hobbies as reading, tennis, and snowshoeing. Mrs. Poulin and her husband, a teacher at Masconomet Regional High School, live in Beverly.

# Bundles of Joy??



1. I'm Watching



2. Invasion!



3. That "Friendly" Look



4. I'm going to cry



5. Me and my guy



6. Where am I?



7. Ride 'em cowboy



8. What me worry?



9. Does she or doesn't she



10. I'm all washed up



11. They went that-a-way



12. Mammy!



13. I'm strong



# Bundles of Joy??



14. Let's go sailing



15. Get set



16. That's good



17. Sweet Georgia Brown



18. My pot of gold



19. Let's twist



20. That look



21. What smells?



22. Teddy and me



23. I'm a rough-tider



24. The poor thing



25. Call me Ali Baba



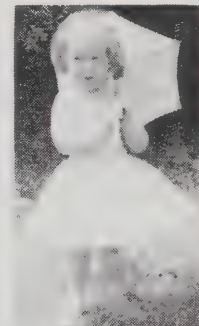
26. Splish Splash



27. With a little wiggle here



28. Look ma, no teeth



29. Little Miss "White Rain"



30. You want to talk with me?



31. Aint she sweet?



32. Kerchoo!



33. Sittin' pretty



34. Hold that tiger



35. Automatic shift



36. Patty cake



40. Hiccup!



41. Baby face



37. Passion for murder



38. I'm hungry



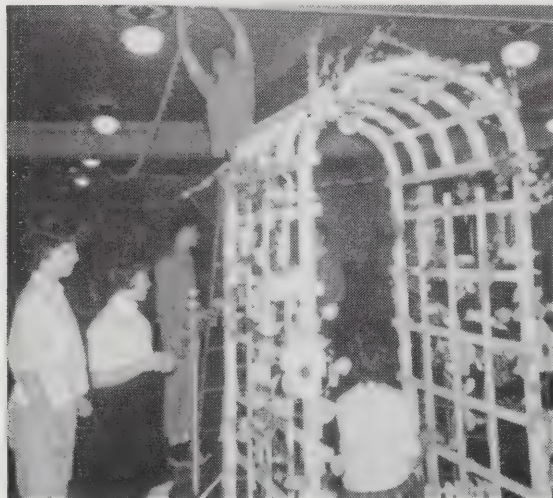
39. Beep, beep!



42. Simon says



Crowning of King and Queen — Spring Dance  
Gail Shepard, Vance Garry, Pamela Story, Kay Datillo



Decorating for Spring Dance



Spring Dance

## BUNDLES OF JOY??

1. Cynthia Woodbury
2. Gail Shepard
3. Charles Tarsook
4. Susan Bullerwell
5. Susan Wales
6. Jane Crandall
7. Barbara Morris
8. Peggy Minigan
9. Paula Polansky
10. Brenda Lawrence
11. Joan Van Arsdale
12. Joseph Vaccaro
13. Lucy Scuccio
14. Linda Ward
15. Sheryl Fallis
16. Richard Minigan
17. Sharon Field
18. Joanne Emerson
19. Linda Willis
20. Diane Kitterle
21. Doreen Moody
22. Lola Sharrock
23. Susan Swan
24. Barbara Dove
25. Jeanette Strahl
26. Gloria Franklin
27. Kathy Nimblett
28. Diana Blanchard
29. Ruth Kiddle
30. Donna Clark
31. Pam Rix
32. Holly Harrison
33. Jeanne Thibault
34. Gloria Salvaneli
35. Maggee Smith
36. Leanne Margolis
37. Ronda Rudolph
38. Ann Racow
39. Donna Pousland
40. William Weston
41. Linda Liporto
42. Jenny Miller

## PHANTOMS

Black shadows twirling or whirling  
In a flurry of entangled garments of black;  
The phantoms skim past the eerie moon  
And shouts of their voices  
As they sail by in the sky,  
Are like the scraping of metals together.

DIANE KITTERLE 9-2



# Literary

## A RAINY DAY

**S**PLAT! Splat! Giant raindrops fall on the pavement. To you this may not seem like the ideal day, but to me it is. You see, I am a picture album and it is on days like these that the Carters take me out of my drawer.

Ah, here they are now, Mr. and Mrs. Carter, Jane and Billy. Mrs. Carter takes me and sits in a comfortable chair while the rest of the family gathers around. She opens me and there on my first page is a picture of her as a baby. More pages are turned and we see her as a toddler and in grammar school. Here is Mrs. Carter on her thirteenth birthday. As we move on, do I detect a faint smile on her face as we pass pictures of her first beaux? This is her high school graduation picture. I remember how proud she was when this was added to my collection.

Again we turn the page and a handsome young man comes into the picture. Who is it? Why, none other than Mr. Carter. Next come pictures of their wedding and their new home. It is not long before we come to photos of Billy and Jane. This one was taken last year when they got their new bikes. Soon out come the scissors and paste and the newest pictures are added to me. I am getting quite fat, but people say that comes with age.

A look out the window shows the Carters that the sun is out. Billy and Jane are off to the playground. Mrs. Carter remembers the pie in the oven and Mr. Carter is going to repair the fence. I'm put back in my drawer, but I'm not unhappy, for there will always be another rainy day.

ELEANOR WILLIAMSON 9-6

## HOLIDAY THOUGHTS

December with its spendor comes,  
The cold north wind then starts to hum.  
Gay Christmas greetings to all passing by,  
Gladness reflected in everyone's eyes.

January comes to hail the New Year,  
And good intentions you will hear.  
To make resolutions, it is fun,  
But what a task to keep every one!

CAROL BURNS 7-3

## SNOWFALL

White cool velvet, black hot night,  
Glaring streetlight's yellow glow;  
Wind resting from the long fight,  
Field, weeds, still with settling snow.

Dead, dying. Now flying: high, fast. Dance!  
Swaying, hiding, tall in glaring dark;  
Weeds disgrace, snow beauty, enhance.  
Wind, moan low. Spot, black. Cry stark.

Angel? Devil? No. Stumbling clumsy  
bird,  
One, two, all. Flying low over snowy sod;  
Gone, far. Echo, their call so absurd—  
Distance, snow, birds graceful as a god.

Silence, loneliness, hushed sad beauty,  
Not peace; weariness, desolation;  
Proud, deserted, snow-draped weeds,  
Crying forlorn, snow-drifted field.

White cool velvet, black hot night,  
Glaring streetlight's yellow glow;  
Wind resting from the long fight,  
Field, weeds, still with settling snow.

SHEILA DRISCOLL 9-1

## A SUMMER NIGHT

The night is dark, the air is chill,  
The crickets chirp, the birds are still,  
Far in the distance a wise owl cries,  
High in the sky the pale moon lies.  
Silent animals scurry to and fro,  
Only they themselves know where they will go.  
Hark! From the near-by village church,  
Peacefully surrounded by willow and birch,  
High in the steeple rings the bell,  
Tolling twelve and all is well.  
Soon the still darkness will pass on,  
To make way for the coming morn.  
But soon again a day shall have passed,  
And the peaceful night will be back at last.

SANDRA PIERCE 7-3

## FROM MY WINDOW

THE pink and blue colors of the first lights of the sunrise peeped timidly over the Judean Hills of Jerusalem, announcing the beginning of a new day. Inhabitants of the Holy City were slowly waking to the daily routine; Mr Arronovitz would soon open his cherished shoe store on Alenby Street; Cohen, the Hasid, was already busy with his morning prayers; while Mrs. Ben Zion was waking her children so that they might be on time for school for a change.

As Miriam stretched her graceful, bronze-colored arms to pull back the curtains, she paused for a moment, thinking how truly wonderful it was to live in this country, where, although she had no relatives, she felt that everyone was her closest relation and her dearest friend. She sighed, thinking she must get about her work, but slowly remembered that today something very important was to happen. "Oh! Yes, of course, how silly of me to forget," she thought. "General Akiva is coming home! I must wake Dov." Miriam turned and saw that the small, wide-eyed boy of twelve was already perched on his bed and saying, "Boker tov" with unusual enthusiasm.

"Good morning to you, Dov. You must hurry and get ready if you want to meet your father on time," she said, while giving one of those loving pinches that he hated so much because they never failed to remind him of his age. Miriam had always awakened him that way since she began to take care of him a few years after the war when his mother died.

Eight-fifteen and Dov was ready, dressed in freshly pressed khaki shorts, his scout cap, and new sandals. Out on the street Myer, his friend, exclaimed in his usual teasing manner, "Dov! Is that you? Is that really Dov Akiva?" He walked on, having no time to stop and defend himself. Today nothing mattered, nothing except the fact that he was going to see his father for the first time in many months. The Israeli people were very proud of General Akiva. But Dov had a special pride, the pride of a devoted son. He was overjoyed when he thought, "Soon, very soon, I will see him! He will take me in his arms and lift me high over his head like he always does!"

Past the new synagogue and now the Knesset he strode, faster and faster. At last he was at the corner of Jaffa Street. Crowds were gathering quickly and in a moment he would arrive.

All kinds of people mixed in the throngs about him: oddly clothed Hasidim, small children, beggars, Arabs, scholars, even tourists. But Dov was oblivious to them. It was almost as though he were alone in the street, awaiting the arrival of his father after a day's work.

"Look! He's coming! At last he's coming!" shouted voices from within the crowd.

"Let me through. Please let me through, sir," cried Dov. "Excuse me please!" Dov cried again, now almost begging for a place near the front. But no one heard him or would relinquish his place.

Suddenly, there were a few blood-curdling screams, a moment of shocked silence, then complete turmoil. Dov, now frightened and sick with curiosity, yelled at the old man next to him to please tell him what had happened. He did not notice that the man's wrinkled face was focused on nothing in particular while looking straight ahead, as he said in a barely audible voice, "He killed him. The Arab killed our General." Now turning looking directly at the trembling boy, he repeated in a distinct but still hushed tone, "The General is dead."

At ten past six Miriam looked out the window, down the streets of the city. "No sign of him," she breathed anxiously. "It will be dark soon. Where can he be?"

Slow, weary footsteps, not like those of a child, but of a tired, old man, could be heard on the cobblestone street below. The door slammed. There in the dim light of the dusk stood Dov. Not ten hours ago this person was a wonderfully happy and normal child. Tears swelled in Miriam's dark, almond eyes when she saw the flesh and bones of the Dov she had known, now slumped in a chair with head bent, face drawn and pale, blue eyes pitifully large and unbelieving.

Ten minutes later Dov was in bed. Although no word had crossed their lips, he understood the deeply felt sympathy of Miriam.

He was naturally shocked and now his mind was slowly taking full realization of the sad event. Yet, his thoughts were not of self-pity or of disappointment because he had not seen his father for one more time. Today people had startled him. He was mentally rebelling against the ways of mankind. Dov thought incredulous-



ly, "Today my father died. Yet, I walk through the streets, and the people have their everyday faces on. No one mourns. Nothing changes; but hasn't everything changed? Mr. Kalan, the butcher, goes home to his wife and as usual complains, 'Rebecca, my feet ache and we only made twenty liras today.' I can not understand. It should not be like this. Isn't something wrong?"

By the time Dov awoke in the morning, the sun was already high in the sky. Feeling rested and a little more like himself, he went to the window. "What a perfect room I have," he thought for perhaps the thousandth time. From his window he could view the entire city. Here he came to think, to dream, and to look at the world about him without having it see him. Usually Dov liked to study people, but today he looked into their preoccupied faces, some cold and businesslike, others too happy.

A bird chirped loudly and pleadingly nearby. There on the smallest twig of a branch stood a young robin. His mother, who watched him shivering with eyes half closed to the world, knew he would fall and die at the slightest motion. Dov tried to think of what he could do to help. But then the newly-born bird dropped to the pavement, still crying for its mother. With understanding and pity, Dov looked back at the mother robin. He was surprised to find her busily feeding her young as though nothing had happened.

After thinking for a moment, Dov raised his head, lifted his slumped body, and silently gave thanks to that bird.

NAOMI GORDON 9-3

## LEAVES

The trees bloom, the buds sway lightly in the breeze

Until they open, revealing tiny young leaves,

The young leaves unfold, growing larger day by day.

Mature, they now blanket the tree in a lush green cover.

All summer they remain—until the cold winds blow,

Crowning the leaves.

Weakened, they slowly flutter to earth

To decay.

LEONARD MURPHY 9-2

## THE HAPPINESS MAKER

Have you ever thought of being a clown,

And traveling the world all around?

Making people laugh when they're feeling sad,

What a delightful feeling when you've made them glad!

Helping them to chase their troubles away,

Hearing the children happily say,

"Look at the clown so funny and gay,

Let's come and see him another day."

HOWARD FARLEY 7-3

## TROPICAL FISH

Tropical fish

Are a great deal of fun,

And you won't stop collecting them

Once you've begun.

Their beautiful colors are

Flashing and gay,

As they come to the glass,

And then swim away.

Yes, tropical fish

Are a great deal of fun,

But you're in for some work

Once this hobby's begun.

You must change the water,

To keep a clean bowl,

For if you do not,

Death takes its toll.

But tropical fish

Are a great deal of fun,

The work is well worth it

Once this hobby's begun.

For the antics they do

As they swim every day

Make a wonderful show

And a pretty display.

Yes, tropical fish

Are a great deal of fun,

And you'll buy more and more

Once this hobby's begun.

WILLIAM AYARS 8-7

## NOTHING

AS Marty nervously sat in the bare waiting room of the principal's office, a peculiar device caught his attention. It's construction was simply a small wooden box, the size and shape of a shoe box. It seemed baffling to him that the room had just four empty walls and one wooden chair, not to mention this solemn looking container. Marty reluctantly walked over to it and noticed that there was a small sign below a button which read, "Do Not Push Button Until Xmas." Being a fearless individual, Marty, having not a single trace of cowardliness in him, disobeyed the message and . . . pushed the button. Soon he heard a cranking noise resembling that of an ungreased jalopy. Seconds later the lid of the box slowly opened and from beneath it emerged a rubbery hand! The mystifying object reached down, turned the switch off, and re-entered the box. With the finality of a closing coffin, the lid slammed shut, the noise ceased, and the room once more regained its solemnity and again became eerie.

The psychological effect it had on Marty's mind was amazing. He was so dumbfounded that whatever it was that he would have to face with the principal meant nothing at the moment. There was indeed something peculiarly sinister about a machine that did nothing, absolutely nothing, but shut itself off.

JEANETTE STRAHL 9-6

## A CAT'S LIFE

I am Herman, a black cat, about a foot and a half long. I am a very gentle cat, until I become angry. Then I am very mean, and I claw everything.

My masters are very nice to me, and I've taught them to let me out whenever I want. However, they are the funniest people. They hate cat food, because everyone likes cat food, I think. At least all cats do.

Other people are funny, too, in other ways. Whenever I walk down the main street some of them see me and run as if I were a ghost, which, of course, I'm not. How could anything as black as I am be a ghost?

When I walk through the neighbors' yards, all the children pick me up and throw me up in the air like a ball. When I try to get away

they throw rocks at me. But the pay-off is, when they let that dog out. His name is Pug, and he's the meanest dog any cat has ever, in his whole nine lives seen. But he's easy to get away from. All you have to do is climb the nearest tree. I thank goodness dogs never learned to climb.

LESLIE McCULLOCH 7-6

## AUTUMN LEAVES

Whirling up with a gust of wind,  
Searching the heavens vast,  
Only to be earthward borne,  
Perhaps to rest at last.

But just when all is still,  
A playful breeze rolls by,  
And catching the leaves in its grip,  
It tosses them to the sky.

SHERYL AMOS 9-5

## THE FIRST SNOWFALL

One day in December I looked out;  
My sister and I began to shout.  
The snow was falling to the ground,  
And not a soul was there around.

Soon our small bush, covered with snow,  
Appeared like a giant popcorn ball.  
Yesterday, I remembered our ten evergreens  
Standing straight and tall.

Now our ten evergreens covered with snow  
Appear like ten old men drooping so low.  
Soon the children all came out,  
And everyone began to yell and shout.

We all started to slip and slide,  
And everyone had a merry ride.  
But soon the warmth of the sun we felt  
Doing its job—for the snow did melt.  
And after a day or two the snow began to disappear.  
Sad and blue, we waited for it to reappear.

STEPHEN GAREVITZ 7-7



## PROBLEMS

Problems, problems, everywhere,  
How can they be solved?  
Problems, problems, everywhere,  
How did I get involved?

Miss Trowt assigned to us a task,  
"Write a poem," said she;  
So I'd better get to work right now  
If I want at least a B.

I'm at the stage where I'm defiant,  
I'm never right, or so it seems;  
The hardest epoch of my life  
Is now—I am a teen.

These should be the happiest years,  
But, oh, how very untrue!  
Adjusting parents to my thinking  
Is difficult to do.

Just imagine a child my age  
Going to bed at eight;  
It is always something small like that,  
That starts a great debate.

Although my parents try so hard,  
It does not seem to show;  
They forget they were young  
Once, so long ago!

You may think I'm a clever poet  
Who loves to write each line,  
But I'm not a poet by choice,  
I'm one with marks in mind!

RONDA RUDOLPH 9-6

## MY TREASURE

I would like to have this one thing,  
For my very own.  
Something I'd cherish,  
And never loan.

It'd have to be gentle,  
And so very kind, too.  
There'd be nothing that'd match it,  
The whole world through.

Is it a statue, some money,  
A snow-white dove?  
No, it's only one thing,  
My own true love.

BARBARA BARNETT 9-5

## A STORY

I'll tell a story as was told  
When the moon was a babe  
And the sun nine days old;  
A story far too new and so  
Strange that you'll go full cold  
To hear of it and of it know.

Midst green trees and under blue skies,  
Up from slimey bog out into night,  
Crawled, crept, came the frightful rise  
Of a monster, and the winds whispered the  
name:  
What name that the land should cringe from its  
size?  
Four letters, small pitiful, frightful: Shout it!  
CAIN!

In the gentle rain among the waves of light,  
From flowers and the song of a bird,  
Held back by power of love, is the dark night;  
It was a man whose name is now but fable  
Who was he that for him bowed low GOD'S  
might?  
Why, name's a whisper, a dove's coo. Sing it!  
ABEL!

On, still on, shines the sun till cool night,  
The moon is old and Abel is dead;  
Wild raging Cain, why, in the warm loving  
light?  
Weep, wail, lament, Cain! Mourn, world!  
Quiet, still, all! Soft, hurt tears from GOD'S  
might.

SHEILA DRISCOLL 9-1

## HOME

This is such a strange, strange place,  
So very beautiful to behold,  
But yet I see ne'er a face  
Within these brilliant gates of gold.

The trees and flowers too lovely to touch,  
Must have been created by God's own hand,  
The feeling in my heart is too much  
For one bewildered man to stand.

Hark! Sweet music enfolds me,  
Yonder is God's gold dome.  
The angels descend. Praised be  
Heaven, now and ever, home.

KATHLEEN CONWAY 9-2

## THE BEAT

About the Ancient Mariner,  
Alas, a poem I must write,  
In beat I must keep with the man  
Who's caused this ghastly plight.

Now my soul is in agony,  
And I must admit defeat,  
For with the Ancient Mariner  
I cannot keep a beat.

KATHLEEN CONWAY 9-2

## SKATING

People enjoy this sport very much,  
Though it's not an easy thing to do,  
To glide and turn and spin about,  
One needs practice, it is true.

Your feet get cold,  
And that's not all,  
For every so often  
You may slip and fall.

Now you're down,  
And you can't get up  
Oh, dear, you'll never, never  
Win that golden cup!

Yet this really is no time for quitting,  
You must get up and stop that sitting!

ROSE GARNOS 8-7

## SCHOOL DAYS

People who graduate from school  
Are wise and educated,  
And to the man that started it  
We all are dedicated.

Though some of us may sometimes say,  
"School is not the place for me,"  
In later years you will realize  
It's better than being "free."

Yes, summer and vacations  
Are fine for rest and play,  
But remember when you are in school  
To work hard every day.

For someday you'll be grateful,  
You'll have no need for tears,  
Only gratitude and thankfulness  
For all these busy years.

JUDI FREEDLAND 8-9

## ALBERT EINSTEIN

**THE** Story of Albert Einstein by Mae Freedman is about Einstein's life during his boyhood, as a man, and as a scientist. Some of the material in the book was gathered by the author's husband, who had talked to Einstein at a meeting of scientists in Princeton, New Jersey.

Einstein always had many problems throughout his life. When he was young, he had problems in school trying to get along with his schoolmates and in doing his work. Getting into college was also difficult, for he was refused many times because he was Jewish. Even after his marriage he had trouble supporting his wife and in getting jobs. One of the things which bothered him the most, however, was when German officers called him a traitor for giving up his German citizenship to become a Swiss citizen.

No one knew that Einstein had a scientific mind until after he had graduated from college. It was then that he began giving talks and writing articles. After becoming well known, he was asked to attend conferences and discuss the Theory of Relativity, which he was always willing to explain. Among the places he went were the United States, Switzerland, Germany, France and South America.

Near the end of his life, German officials tried to capture him, because they felt that he had betrayed Germany. As a result, the man who is considered to have been the world's most famous scientist was under constant guard until his death.

NINA ESSLER 8-1

## FORESIGHT OF AN EXCITING EVENING

**THE** girl is excited! This was to be her first time to go out with strangers. Only yesterday she was asked to a large party a few streets from hers. She had begged her mother to let her go and at last her mother consented.

Then her mother got excited and bought her a new dress.

Finally the time for the girl to leave came. She took a last look in the mirror, touched her long brown hair and then walked down the stairs to her father who was waiting for her.

He picked her up in his arms and carried her to the little boy's surprise party which was in celebration of his fourth birthday.

SUSAN SWAN 9-5



## SUSAN

A pony tail of brown that bobs  
Against her pixie face,  
Cheeks so rosy except when tears  
Sometimes find a place.

A mouth with the innocence of youth,  
A smile that is glowing and sweet,  
Manners that might seem a little uncouth,  
But being "Mother" is such a treat.

The warmth of her arms when  
She hugs you tight,  
The sound of her voice saying, "I love you,"  
The little wet kiss and the soft "Good-night,"  
Are things that remain with you.

Her actions you simply cannot dismiss,  
Her air unperturbed and free,  
Many are the people she does delight,  
This sweet little girl of three.

ANNA LIPORTO 8-9

## IF I WERE

If I were just a grain of sand,  
A-lying on the ground,  
How much would I know of the planets,  
Forever going round?

If I were just a drop of water,  
A-lying in a puddle,  
How much would I know of the world,  
And all its political muddle?

If I were just a little twig,  
A-growing from a tree,  
What would I know of outer space?  
Not much, I do agree!

But I am not a drop of water,  
A twig, or grain of sand,  
But a student at Briscoe where I learn  
About this universe so grand.

SANDRA PIERCE 7-3

## SUMMER

The summer's here; the moon is clear;  
The earth smells sweet, with growing wheat;  
The sky is blue; the grass is green;  
But, oh, that summer's burning heat!

GERTRUDE HOWARD 9-2

## THE ATOM BOMB

The A-Bomb is a menace,  
Of this there is no doubt.  
First comes the blast, and next the heat,  
And then the lethal fallout.

We huddle in our shelters,  
After Conelrad alert,  
Knowing that some are dead,  
And others badly hurt.

For two weeks and more  
In a space of three feet square,  
We eat, drink, and think of those  
Whom Russia didn't spare.

Our former futures now in the past,  
We must rebuild what was ruined in the fight—  
Our homes, schools, cities, land.  
We're in a sorry plight.

To this I see no solution,  
Except, perhaps to do,  
As Jesus preached and taught . . .  
"Follow the Golden Rule".

SUSAN WALES 9-6

## MY FUTURE

I see an image in the dark;  
A vague, mishapen figure; It  
Bears a heavy burden; As it approaches  
Through the mist I get a clearer  
Picture; But, though it passes by my  
Side, it remains a cloudy image.

MARK GLOVSKY 9-2

## FANTASY

When I finally put out the light,  
Ready for my sleep at night,  
Elves in my room begin to dance,  
Graceful white horses trot and prance.

But when I close my eyes in sleep,  
Out the window my dream friends leap.  
My nightly visitors are a delightful sight,  
I anxiously await their coming each night.

CATHY DEA 7-3

## THE SECRET

It started as a tiny thing,  
A whisper in an ear;  
“Hush, you musn’t tell,” said she;  
“No one must ever hear!”

The secret sped from ear to ear,  
Each added something new,  
Changed a detail or left one out,  
And as the story grew.

At last it came back, and was told  
To her who first had told it;  
So changed it was, she knew it not,  
But sent it on, a secret.

NANCY GLASSER 9-2

## THE SEA KING

The “Sea King” roams around the sea  
Like a busy little bee,  
Gathering treasure for its flight  
From every single ship in sight.

With the ensign flying high,  
And her great masts toward the sky,  
The deck is shining, clean, and bright;  
The “Sea King” makes a lovely sight.

But soon the cannons open fire,  
The captain shows his dark desire  
Of capturing ships from every shore,  
Then roaming around the sea once more,  
Roaming around the sea once more . . .

WARREN SCOTT 8-7

## WONDERS OF NATURE

Nature is a wondrous thing;  
What makes bees buzz and birds to sing?  
Who shapes the graceful waterfalls?  
What makes the trees grow very tall?

Why does the ocean roll and pitch?  
What makes our land so very rich?  
Who, each morn, brings forth the sun?  
And lights the stars when day is done?

Such questions often puzzle us.  
Yet science solves them without a fuss.  
Must we know all the answers NOW?  
Man will ever continue to ask HOW!

GEORGE HARDISON 7-4

## SNOW-TIME DRUDGERY

Snow storms should be meant for play,  
When all work has been done for the day;  
However, shoveling seems to be here and there;  
Directed by Mother, one shovels everywhere.

Errands to be finished for Mom and Dad,  
Surely cause one to be become tired and fagged;  
A trapped car in a snow-piled driveway,  
Must be freed by **my** shoveling the snow away.

Then it’s too late to get out in the sun;  
So, now I can’t have well-earned fun;  
Oh, why should a snowy, wintry day,  
Give me less time to get out to play?

JEFFREY RUDSTEN 7-4

## WINTER JOY

The summer months go,  
And then comes the snow,  
Coming from the sky,  
Falling from so high,  
On the ground falling,  
Children snow balling,  
Down the hills sliding,  
To snow beds gliding,  
“Oh! winter is here,”  
Is the children’s cheer.

ANNE GORDON 7-3

## SNOW

See all the snowflakes flying around,  
Leaving a blanket of white on the ground.  
Look at the deep drifts like ocean tides  
Moving along with gigantic strides.

See the snow plow now coming through,  
Leaving drifts that are far from few,  
Piling the whiteness so very high that  
Simply looking at it makes you sigh.

Now the end has come to snowing,  
And the wind is no longer blowing,  
Sleds and skis without a doubt  
Children will soon bring out.

ROBERT REID 8-9



## THE HUNTER'S NIGHTMARE

IT was a cold morning in December. The last day of the season had come, and nobody had even seen a deer. The men had gone into the woods for the last time this year.

After several hours had passed, one of the members of the group decided it was too cold for him, and he returned to the jeep. The old hunter put down his rifle and sat down to rest. After a few moments of just sitting, he saw a deer trotting down the middle of the road, violating all the rules of deer hunting. Slowly the hunter picked up his rifle, hoping the deer would not jump into the bushes along the road. At first he thought he was dreaming. There was no bush or branch to hit, yet the deer kept on coming.

Finally at thirty yards (we later measured) he let fly point blank with a load of buck shot. The deer stopped. The hunter fired again with a slug. At this moment the deer took off into the woods. The shots had just knocked some hair off her back.

After following the deer about four hundred yards he found that the deer hadn't slowed down. Arriving back at the jeep, he saw that his fellow hunters were anxious to hear the results of the incident. Having told them the story, he learned that they described it as "a hunter's nightmare."

GORDON DOVE 8-1

## BOOKS

Books can describe almost anything  
From a bale of corn to a diamond ring.  
They can describe a ship on the seas,  
They can tell about honeybees.  
They can tell of the stars up there,  
They might tell of the bugle's blare,  
They might describe a little white colt,  
They might picture a lightening bolt.  
They tell stories of mystery and crime,  
They have funny poems which always seem to rhyme.  
They often tell of many famous people,  
They might even mention an old church steeple.  
They tell us much of the clouds in the sky,  
They can describe the wings of a fly.  
I'll make it easier, not hard to say,  
Books can tell us lots of things every single day.

MICHAEL MIRANDA 8-7

## A HAPPY ENDING

IN sunny California five years ago there dwelled a man who was known to all as Joseph. Joseph, being short and extra wide around the middle from the delicious meals cooked by his loving and obedient wife, was the proprietor of a twenty-five acre plum orchard. The harvest time was now starting and Joseph and his skilled and self-taught hired hands were busy picking the fruit so that their plums would be the first to market, thus earning a purse for all.

Winnie Sweet, one of the plump, juicy plums from Joseph's orchard, was shipped to a factory with her family of eight and many of her friends to be dried into a life of doom as prunes. Winnie was now to be known as Winnie Wrinkle.

Winnie was then forced into a puny box to be sold and devoured by someone unknown to her. Each day sitting on the shelf, she was living on borrowed time. But the next day she was purchased by Mrs. Wilson in hopes of winning the blue ribbon and fifty dollars as prize money award at the Baked Food Contest the following week. This contest was the pride and joy of all the women in the town.

That week the women dug out their old recipes and began the task of baking (in their minds) first prize bakery goods. Mrs. Wilson made a fruit cake from a secret method known only to herself. There was Winnie in the center of a fruit cake.

Now the day arrived when the exciting event was to be held. What a variety of foods! It would take a page to describe it all, but I won't keep you waiting to know the winner. I will continue. No one envied the judges, for who could choose which was the winner without making enemies of many angry women.

After many hours of testing the judges came to Mrs. Wilson's fruit cake. Slowly the knife sank deeply into the cake, just missing Winnie! Winnie was in the selected slice to be tasted. While praying, she saw the judge's mouth open wide and wider. Would he eat her? The bite was taken but failed to reach Winnie. Then she was gently placed on a plate. It was not long before the judges proclaimed Mrs. Wilson the winner.

With the prize money of fifty dollars, Mrs. Wilson proudly had the winning slice framed. There was Winnie hanging on the wall with the blue ribbon pinned to her side.

JOAN CASALI 8-6

## TOP PRIORITY-HOMEWORK

I honestly don't mind homework,  
It's the distractions that floor me,  
I'd get it done without a quirk,  
If it were not for our TV.

I'm really set to do it,  
All must be finished tonight,  
Determined I start, meaning not to quit,  
Then on comes "The Price is Right."

Crash! My fifth grade brother breaks a dish,  
And my nine year old sister can't find a broom,  
If I could be favored with magic, I'd wish  
I could ride a Homework Rocket to the moon.

How quiet it must be on the moon,  
Where I could concentrate every day,  
From the first of September to the last of June,  
My education could be accomplished without  
delay.

DAVID BOIS 7-4

## BROTHERS

I have a little brother,  
That never obeys my mother.

He is always naughty,  
With his little friend Scottie.

He won't stop climbing trees,  
Unless he falls and hurts his knees.

He pulled the fire alarm one day,  
And didn't get a chance to play.

Of course you know brothers,  
But I really pity the mothers.

MAUREEN ALVARADO 7-7

## BABY SITTING

Baby sitting, baby sitting, what a chore!  
Baby sitting, baby sitting, what a bore!  
Angels, clowns, and little brats,  
Screech owls and little wild cats,  
I wonder where I get the power  
To sit for fifty cents an hour.

CATHY DEA 7-3

## THE FIRST NIGHT ALONE IN MY HOUSE

ONE night in the summer, my parents received an unexpected phone call, and had to go out for the evening, so I said that I would be all right. Before they left, we discussed the door situation. I was instructed to keep the door locked, and not to open it, unless it was an emergency.

After my parents had left, I went into the living room and sat down to watch television, when all of a sudden the telephone rang. I answered it, and there was no one on the line, so I put the receiver down. About a half hour later, there were strange sounds and flashing lights outside. I didn't know what to do, so I sat still for a few minutes, then got up and went outside. When I was on the porch, I realized that the sounds I had heard were only the whirling wind, and the lights I had seen were only lightning bugs.

Later, after the strange experiences with the telephone, the sounds, and the lights, I heard a rattling noise at the door. This time I didn't want to take any chances, so I turned the television off, and ran into my bedroom. I jumped into bed and pulled the covers over my head. After a few minutes, I heard strange footsteps upstairs over my room. The footsteps came closer and closer, down the stairs, and into the kitchen.

I couldn't stand it any longer, so I got up, went into my brother's room and picked up his golf club. On the way out, I took a flashlight, and walked slowly into the kitchen. When I reached the kitchen, I came face to face with my own brother!

THORA JOHNSON 7-2

## WINTER IN NEW ENGLAND

EVERYONE must spend at least one winter in New England. The scenery is almost too beautiful for words. Lovely evergreen trees stand tall and graceful with a patch of snow on every branch. Glistening icicles hanging from every possible place make you feel gay and happy.

In wintertime, New Englanders like to skate. You can see people gliding smoothly along lakes, rivers and ponds. Sometimes, someone will fall down, but that's half the fun of skating. Skiing is another popular winter sport. Mountains are not only beautiful to see, but they can also provide fun and excitement. New England is truly a "winter wonderland."

SHARON CURRAN 7-8



## MOON SHOT

THE time is April 4, 1978, at zero minus two hours. The astronaut is in his capsule ready to go. This is the climax of projects Mercury, Apollo, and Zeus, which is to put a man on the moon. The work of thousands of scientists, engineers, technicians, and mathematicians for almost twenty years had been put into this shot. If it failed, it would take six months preparations to try again.

It was now minus 59 minutes and the men in the blockhouse were starting to grow tense. Suddenly in the darkness, a spark appeared on the launching pad and grew into a small fire. The officials were alarmed! If that fire reached the fuel, the rocket and the whole space program would go up in smithereens. Immediately fire trucks were dispatched. They put out the fire and the countdown was resumed with a sigh of relief.

It was now zero minus thirty minutes. Briefly flashing back a few years saw the first man who was sent on a trip around the moon and the soft landing of a package full of delicate instruments on the moon. Still another big step was taken when a man was put in a temporary orbit around the lunar satellite by the Soviets. But now the United States was going to make its bid for propaganda by landing a man on the moon and bringing him back.

Meanwhile in the blockhouse, the tension was mounting, since it was two minutes before zero hour. Millions of televisions were tuned in to watch the launching. The hopes of all of the free world were resting on this shot.

Now it was minus thirty seconds. Millions of eyes were glued to the rocket and listening to the announcer in his countdown . . . 6 . . . 5 . . . 4 . . . 3 . . . 2 . . . 1 . . . ignition . . . lift-off, and he was on his way.

The launching had been a success. Now what we had to worry about was if the astronaut could withstand the tremendous pressure during blast-off. You could almost feel the 7 G force on his body or about seven times the gravity on earth. But he was physically trained to withstand almost 20 G's for months in the centrifuge. This means this particular man was chosen because he had an almost perfect body and good

mental capacity. He has to know all about electronics and radio and know something in most fields of science that he would need on the moon. Some are, astronomy for being able to observe the stars without interference from an atmosphere, minerology for knowing what to collect for rock samples, and physics for measuring conditions on the moon.

By now the rocket has traveled about 10,000 miles and the astronaut is probably weightless in his capsule. That's another thing he has to be trained for. In airplanes they can duplicate the weightlessness of outer space.

Gaining speed, the astronaut was one-fourth of the way to the moon in two hours. Radio communications were fine and he was reporting data. But suddenly he started gasping for air and his heartbeat started to slow down. The experts were baffled. The astronaut had no known physical weaknesses, but he seemed to be dying. His condition was getting worse, so by remote control, they slowed the rocket into a turn. As soon as the rocket headed back to earth, the astronaut began to get better. The doctors, who were getting all of this information on earth, determined that there was some kind of a cloud out there that affected him, because there was nothing wrong with the capsule.

As soon as it was brought down, medics on ships rushed to recover the capsule and treat the astronaut. Later, when he was fully examined by scientists, some strange unknown element was found in his blood. After further tests of this element, it was determined that it had a deadly effect on living cells. This meant that no living thing could travel beyond 60,000 miles away from the earth, and furthermore this ring was in permanent orbit around the earth.

All the work of the technicians for over twenty years had gone to waste with billions of dollars of taxpayers' money. Now there was nothing to look forward to, like traveling to the other planets or a station on the moon and the many dreams of visiting other stars were relinquished.

FRANK POMPEI 8-2

## THE TRIAL RUN

**I**T was the trial run.

You could feel the excitement in the air. The noise and confusion seemed to drown out all thought. This was the big day! The initial run of the Andersen Railway. Spectators stood in groups waiting for the gleaming giant to come throbbing to life. Each car was coupled to the one before it, waiting for the signal from the giant front car to come alive. All animation hinged on the huge ebony locomotive.

Every wheel gleamed, each silver spoke added still more lustre. The gold lettering **ANDERSEN RAILWAY**, stood out in bold relief against the shiny black steel car. Every line was designed with speed and efficiency in mind. The coal piled high in the tender, was waiting to supply the strength and energy for the all important forward machine.

Many box cars and the little caboose were all lined in a row waiting for the movement to begin.....the vibration of the rails to start the momentum of the wheels all rolling as one.

This was the day after many months of planning. Hour upon hour had been spent in the designing of the intricate rail lay-out. Each track was laid with a specific thought. No cost was spared in obtaining the finest metals available.

When the plan was first presented for the railroad there was much opposition. Those against it said that the expense of such a train would be prohibitive. Trucks and wagons had always been satisfactory in the past and they could not see why they still would not be good enough for the future. But, finally after many long drawn out discussions, progress won out.

A site was found for the terminal at the most advantageous spot. The sidings went up at record speed, but the rails took much longer than expected, because some of them weren't built to the right specifications. They had to be returned and waiting for the new ones to arrive took a longer time than expected. But finally they arrived and work was started on them.

The straight rails, the curves, and the half curves were all laid out with meticulous care. Tunnels had to be built for the train to go right through a mountain. This was slow and tedious work. Bridges had to be built with exact precision to span the crevices along the

route. Girders and cross beams moved along the site for days and weeks for use in these bridges. Signals and stop lights were put up as well as crossing gates with amazing speed, for the train was in the last stages of completion.

There were only a few small changes to iron out and then she would be all set to roll. After all these things were accomplished she was all set for her trial run.

There should have been brass bands playing, banners waving and trumpets sounding on such a day as this, but strange as it seems no thought was given to such a display. People were too intent on seeing the train actually move over the gleaming tracks and they were not interested in fanfare.

The man and the boy who had brought all of this about were standing near the train.

"Now Bobby," said Mr. Andersen, "there's the transformer. Just pull the switch and show your mother and sisters how this train operates."

KATHY GUIDI 8-8

## THE HOMESICK FROG

There was a frolicking frog,  
Who lived in a cozy bog.

A sad old frog was he,  
For he wanted to live in the sea.

He liked the sea and decided to go,  
But in what direction he did not know.

So away he went all in a daze,  
And kept on hopping for three whole days.

To his surprise he had returned  
To where the home light once had burned.

And he promised never to leave his home,  
For never again did he want to roam.

GEORGE CHRISTO 9-1

## CATS

Cats are such friendly animals,  
But they eat mice like cannibals,  
Instead of making them their friend,  
They bring about their sudden end.

LEONORA BOUDREAU 7-3



## CAREER BOUND

**H**AVE you ever stopped to consider your future? Now, in the junior high school years, it is important to think about a career. Let's mention a few fields of interest for girls. Home economics, modeling, air line hostess, secretarial work, teaching, social service, and nursing are among the most popular. How does one obtain know-how about these fields?

When interest has narrowed prospects to two or three, all available literature must be examined. If still interested, an analysis should be made, of personal abilities along these lines. How are your marks at school? What kind of a personality do you have? These are important because they indicate your ability to handle situations.

Of course, Mother and Dad must be consulted, because they know you best. Their knowledge and advice will be needed on all problems, especially financial.

An excellent informant, is the school guidance counselor, who has a varied selection of booklets, pamphlets, and magazines, which describe all phases of educational opportunities. At your convenience a personal interview may be arranged, to discuss and analyze your plans for the future.

For on-the-spot knowledge, talking with people active in the field, provides current ideas about salary working hours, and preparation for the field. Even part work in one area may be possible while training.

More detailed information about career choosing, may be read in the thoroughly enjoyable book **Cues for Careers** by Judith Scott. Hurry to the Briscoe Library to learn about your educational prospects for the future!

DONNA QUIRK 7-4

## THE TOY TOWN THIEF

**B**ONG! Bong! Bong! Bong! Bong! "Time to lock up," said Mr. Winkle, looking at the clock. After putting his coat and hat on, he took his keys and locked the front door of the Winkle Toy Shop.

As night drew near, all the wooden toys were fast asleep, except for a wooden toy robber who broke out of jail. Quietly and slowly he made his way toward the bank. Since he had

worked in the bank before, he knew the combination of the safe.

As he was running from the bank with the money, he bumped into a bell which rang so loudly, that it woke up the town and scared the robber so much that he knocked over a bottle of ink, which spilled all over the place.

In a matter of minutes the sheriff was on the trail which he left when he stepped in the ink. The sheriff found the thief hiding in a dollhouse. After returning the money to the bank, the sheriff was then awarded the office of mayor of toytown.

At the last stroke of ten the next morning, the soldier in the window blew his horn, which was the signal that Mr. Winkel was approaching the shop. Quickly all the wooden toys got into their positions, as if nothing at all had happened.

NANCY TARLOW 7-2

## WINTER THRILL

The air was crisp on a day that was clear,  
It was the beginning of a brand new year,  
I could hardly wait to try a spin  
On my new skates—the ice wasn't thin!

People in groups both young and old,  
Were skating in winter weather so cold,  
Some racing, some sliding, some struggling not  
to fall,  
There was not one unhappy face at all.

Up and down was my all-day luck,  
Once I was even hit by a puck,  
Though falling and sliding in every direction,  
I survived the ordeal with well-padded protection.

ANNE FOLEY 7-4

## BRISCOE

Creaking stairs, squeaking doors,  
Mark the years in endless scores.  
We may not have lockers or a new polished  
floor,  
But we've got lots of homework, that's for  
sure.

Although Briscoe isn't the newest in town,  
It certainly doesn't let us down.  
We work just as hard inside crumbling walls,  
And we come back to Briscoe each fall  
To renew what other schools lack,  
Something each new grade carries on  
And that's the good old Briscoe spirit!

CHARLES HARVEY 7-8

## FOUR SEASONS

Fall is a sad but beautiful season,  
We choose to travel, and with good reason;  
So much is offered in the fall,  
Mountain scenery best of all.

Winter sports are next in view,  
They do appeal to quite a few;  
But days are long and sometimes blue,  
Which makes us glad when it is through.

Spring brings birds and pretty flowers,  
Gayer days and several showers;  
The world looks fresh and clean and new,  
And seems to have a rosy hue.

Summer days do top them all,  
Winter, spring, and even fall;  
Time to swim and boat and loll,  
It's oh, so nice when summer calls.

BRENDA JILL GARVEY 7-1

## DAYDREAMS

To many lands, to foreign sands,  
Among the folks of many lands,  
I hope to go, someday to see  
The world I meet in geography.

The people that I met today  
From Hungary and Uruguay,  
Welcomed me with open arms,  
And showed to me their many charms.

I had such fun, but leave I must,  
I will return, someday, I trust.  
My teacher calls I hear her say,  
"Describe the folk in Uruguay."

CAROLYN HAYNES 7-3

## JOE

PAULA had seen him just twice. The first time she fell completely in love with him. Her best friend said his name was Joe. He had curly brown hair and big brown eyes. Joe was just about the most adorable male Paula had ever seen. Even when she was at home, he was all she could talk about.

The second time she saw Joe she just stared at him for five minutes. He stared at her too, but he soon turned and walked away. This was more than Paula could stand. She ran into the store, pointed at Joe and said to the young clerk, "How much does that dog cost? I've got to have him."

ANN RACOW 9-6

## DELIVER US FROM EVIL

**D**ELIVER Us From Evil by Dr. Thomas Dooley is the first of Dr. Dooley's three books. It is the story of the doctor as a junior grade lieutenant on Temporary Addition Duty near China and what happened during this period of his life.

Dr. Dooley was a tall, dark, good-looking man who possessed a power of love and understanding. He believed deeply in God, and all the misery and suffering that he saw did not destroy his faith. Although he had a fiery temper at times, he was still a gentle man. This is proven by the fact that the natives whom he treated always followed the good doctor everywhere.

The people in **Deliver Us From Evil** had many serious problems. Starving and dying of diseases, they were attacked by the Communists, yet they never complained. To them this seemed to be the way of life. They always carried crosses and believed strongly in Christ, and their faith helped them greatly.

Dr. Dooley wrote this story in the first person for he simply gave a report of what he saw in Laos. His purpose in doing this was to acquaint Americans and other people with what was happening in that part of the world. He told what he observed and all of what he thought about it. Through this and his organization, "Medico," he received the help, support, and warm feelings he needed from the people he had left back home.

**Deliver Us From Evil** tells what happened in the life of a doctor who was ordered to Asia, not knowing what his work was to be. He gave an account of taking refugees from there and finally of building huge refugee camps about five miles from the Communist China border. Throughout all these activities Dr. Dooley told of all the medical and humanitarian problems he encountered. This was truly a moving story.

CHRISTINE PATTERSON 8-5



## THE CASE OF THE MISSING SALAMANDER

I always liked to hunt salamanders, but after last year, I hate to. It was on a hot June afternoon, when I was riding down the road on my bike to hunt salamanders. I only wanted one or two salamanders.

The first rock I lifted was a lucky one, because I found a big salamander. It tried to run, but I caught, and put it in a jar.

When I got home, my mother asked what I had, and I told her. She said I could have it, if I made sure not to let it get loose in the house. Then I put the jar on my desk, and climbed into bed. Before I shut my light, I noticed my dog looking queerly at the salamander.

Almost as soon as I shut my light, "Crash!" I jumped out of bed, and there was my dog, standing beside the broken jar. The salamander was loose in the house! All the doors leading out of the house were shut. My mother, father, and I stayed up half the night looking for the salamander.

Next morning, I got up early to look for the fugitive. My father said it would stay in a dark place. My mother was just getting up. Then suddenly, my mother shouted. My father and I came rushing into her bedroom. There she was, standing on her bed. The salamander was in her shoe. I quickly let it loose outside.

My father laughed and said, "That's my boy who did that!"

From that day on I don't bring salamanders into my house.

ROBERT SMAGALA 7-2

## THE PICTURE

The faded old picture than hangs on the wall,  
It tips to one side; it's of no use at all.  
The dusty cracked glass could be fixed without  
task,  
But no one would offer or bother to ask.

The silvery light through the window pane  
shines,  
And spreads its bright glow on that old frame of  
pine.  
It's the first thing you see on ascending the  
stair,  
The old farmer's plow being drawn by his mare.

CHERYL HAY 8-9

## THE NEW DAY

To some the new day brings sorrow,  
To some it may mean relief.  
To others it may convey happiness,  
To many it means grief.

Be prepared to face the new day,  
No matter what it has in store.  
And take all the events of life,  
As they knock upon your door.

For each new day brings something,  
Whether it's good or bad.  
And can make you feel many things,  
Sorrowful or glad.

All this is for your own good,  
What I have to tell.  
And if you follow this pattern,  
Things will turn out well.

BARBARA BARNETT 9-5

## POETIC PROBLEMS

For me, a poem is hard to write,  
One must look for things in sight,  
Shall it be about a haunted house?  
Or a small, gray inquisitive mouse?

A colonial chimney up so high?  
Or the birds and clouds in the sky?  
Words must be in rhyme you know,  
And yet, the thought must be just so.

Although my poem has many a letter,  
My teacher thinks it could be better.  
Finally, my long poem is done,  
Although no prize is ever won.

THEODORE NAUGLER 7-4

## TOBOGGANING

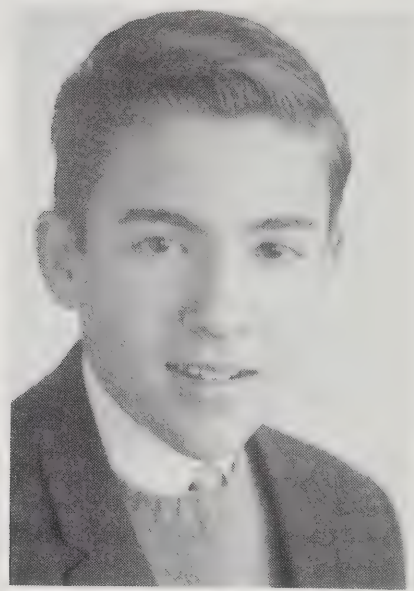
As you're speeding down a hill,  
You are seized with a sudden chill.  
Snow is spraying in your face,  
You're going at a terrific pace.  
But quickly it will come to an end,  
And you will gladly do it again.

PAUL MCFADDEN 7-3

# Class Leaders of 1962



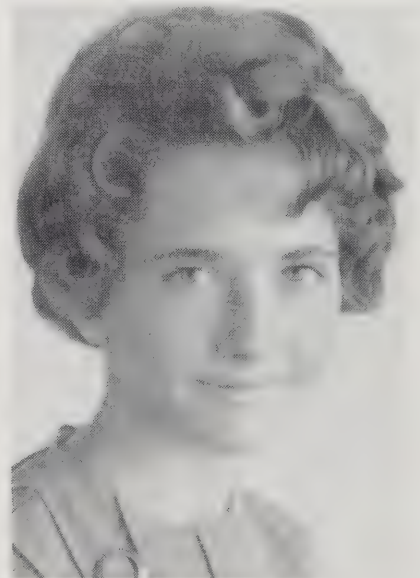
This year's president of the Class of 1962 is GAIL SHEPARD. She was an active student at the Hardie School before coming to Briscoe. Gail was elected to the Student Council all of her three years at this school, giving her much experience in leadership. Cheerleading and *BRISCOE BRIEFS* were also included in Gail's extra-curricular program. By taking the college course, she hopes to become a nurse in the future. Gail enjoys many outdoor activities including swimming, skiing, and sailing. Among her favorite subjects are algebra and science.



VANCE GARRY, this year's class vice-president was born in Beverly. For the first six years of school he attended the Hardie School. He then came to Briscoe for three years. In the seventh grade he was vice-president of his homeroom and president of the seventh grade chorus. This year to add to his many offices, he is president of his homeroom. Vance enjoys swimming, water skiing, and parties. He takes the college preparatory course and likes history and French.



DIANE TANGUAY, the ninth grade class secretary for 1962, came to Briscoe from the Hardie School. She was a cheerleader in the eighth grade and head cheerleader in the ninth. Skiing and basketball are her hobbies and French and algebra, her favorite subjects. When asked what she thinks about Briscoe, Diane replied, "Although Briscoe is an old school, the minds and spirits of the pupils are fresh and young and I am proud to be a student." After graduating from High school, Diane hopes to enter the field of dental hygiene.

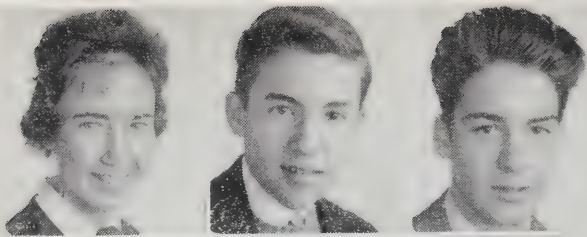


KATHLEEN BURKE, treasurer of the graduating class, attended the Edwards School before coming to Briscoe. Besides being class treasurer, she is Student Council representative of Homeroom 203. In grades seven and eight, she was homeroom treasurer. During grade eight, she was a member of the "Briscoe Briefs" staff. Her favorite pastime is sports; swimming, tennis and bowling are her favorites. In both eighth and ninth grades she was a member of the cheerleading squad. Kathleen takes the Junior Business Training course in which her favorite subjects are math and social studies.



Name	Nickname	Hobby	Vocation
Henry Allen	Hank	Swimming	Polo Player
Arthur Bennett	Art	Fun	Teacher
Diana Blanchard	Di	Dancing	Nurse
Donna Clark		Telephoning	Legal Secretary
Mary Cormier	Mop	Eating	Hairdresser
Robert Crandall	Bob	Reading	Printer
Stephen Frasca	Steve	Basketball	Dentist
James Gilligan	Jim	Sports	
Daniel Goodchild	Symp	Sports	
Yvonne Lachapelle	Butch	Sports	Secretary
Donald MacQuarrie	Don	Sports	Teacher
Kathleen Nimblett	Kathy	Eating	Legal Secretary
David Perkins	Perk	Sports	
John Reilly	Yon	Reading	Engineer
Sheila Silke	Silkie	Skating	Air Force Nurse
Carl Standley		Water Skiing	Machinist
Cynthia Woodbury		Telephoning	Nurse
Roger Young	Youngie	Pool	Pattern Maker
Sheryl Amos	Sherry	Painting	Teacher
Barbara Barnett	Barb	Sports	Lawyer
Henry Beauparlant	Hank	Shooting Pool	Doctor
Arthur Bell	Artie	Sports	Dentist
Janet Burrow	Cass	Reading	Teacher
Kay Datillo		Ice Skating	Teacher
Margaret Doherty	Peggy	Fun	Journalist
Sharon Dooling		Riding	Teacher
Barbara Dove	Barbie	Badminton	English Teacher





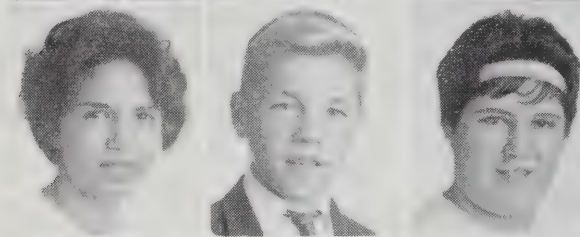
Name	Nickname	Hobby	Vocation
Janet Freeman	Jan	Sports	Teacher
Vance Garry	Van	Swimming	History Teacher
Robert Gillis	Bob	Coll. Records	Archaeologist



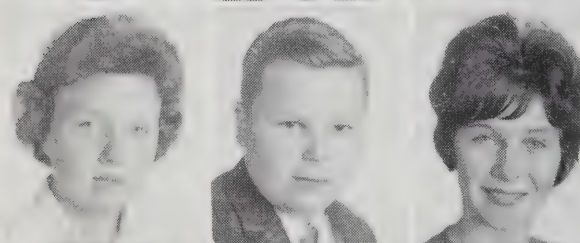
Holly Harrison		Sleeping	Teacher
Robert Lunn	Bob	Football	Air Force
Thomas Marletta	T	Sports	



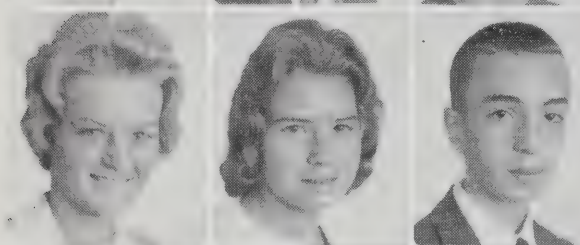
James McKenzie	Mac	Drum Corps	Teacher
Karen McNamara		Biting "nails"	Secretary
Jennifer Miller	Jenny	Traveling	Secretary



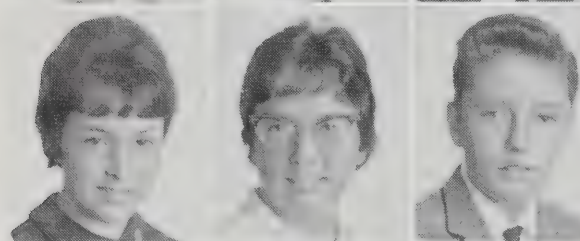
Evelyn Mirandi	Evie	Eating	Nurse
Arthur Mitchell	Pug Nose	Talking	Engineer
Rosemarie Mudugno	Rose	Television	Teacher



Susan Morrison	Sue	Television	Teacher
Thomas Parks	Tommy	Television	Technician
Maryellen Sullivan	Mary	Telephone	Secretary



Susan Swan	Sue	Telephone	Therapeutic Nurse
Nancy Tardiff	Nan	Boating	Teacher
Donald Tirabassi	Donny	Stereo-Hi-Fi	Teacher



Linda Ward		Babysitting	Teacher
Pauline Worth	Polly	Ping-Pong	Veterinarian
Karl Aprans		Skiing	Dentist



Frederick Carr	Fred	Sports	Scientist
Conrad Chouinard	Connie	Sports	Accountant
Harry Clark	Shagger	Sports	Missionary



John Davin	Johnny	Sports	Engineer
Thomas Dean	Tom	Sports	Businessman
Joanne Emerson	Jo	Telephone	Nurse



Name	Nickname	Hobby	Vocation
Cathleen Fisette	Cathe	Bee Hive	Nurse
Peter Fortunato	Pete	Swimming	Veterinarian
Michael Galiatsatos	Mike	Television	U. S. Navy
Hugh Lam		Reading	Engineer
Leanne Margolis	Lennie	Ice Skating	Nurse
Wayne Morrison		Sports	Air Force Pilot
Scott Nelson		Sports	Architect
Sally Norris		Sailing	Phys. Ed. Teacher
Anne Odom		Reading	Teacher
Anthony Pizzo	Tony	Sports	Dentist
Ann Racow		Swimming	Nurse
Ronda Rudolph	Ronnie	Sports	Pediatrician
Gloria Salvaneli	Glo	Sports	History Teacher
Lola Sharrock		Waterskiing	Teacher
Gail Shepard	Shep	Sports	Nurse
Ralph Stone	Uncle Ralph	Swimming	Scientist
Jeanette Strahl	Pepi	Piano	Mathematician
Ralph Turcotte	Turk	Building Models	Science Teacher
Susan Wales	Dythe	Riding	Doctor
Eleanor Williamson	Ellie	Sports	Dental Hygienist
Linda Willis	Lyn	Reading	Nurse
Ada Bailey	Beetle	Boys	Housewife
Roger Belliveau		Football	
Suzanne Brown	Susie	Waterskiing	Model
Susan Bullerwell	Sue	Drawing	Secretary
Katherine Bunk	Kathie	Sleeping	Nurse
Gloria Cook	Cookie	Reading	Court Steno.

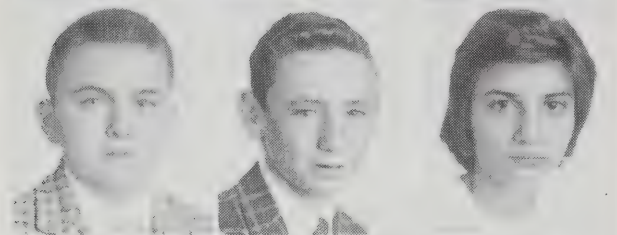




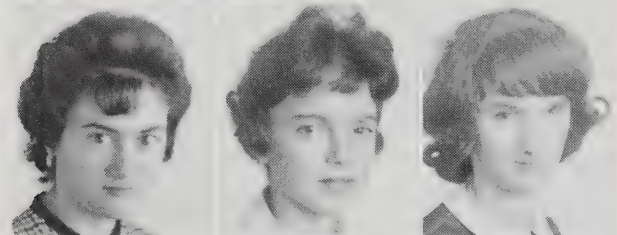
Name	Nickname	Hobby	Vocation
Jane Crandall	Janie	Bowling	Dancer
Hannah Draper		Radio	Interior Decorator
Patricia Ewaschuk	Pat	Skating	Secretary



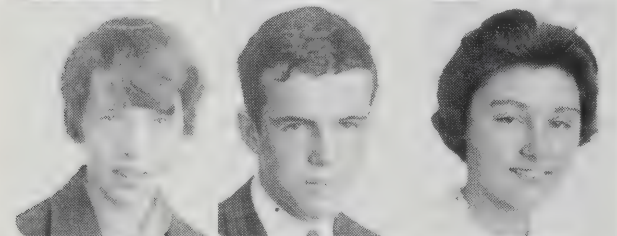
Laughlin Flanagan	Locke	Driving	Electrical Engineer
Sharon Fournier	Chickie	Records	Secretary
Alphonse Haley	Albert	Fishing	Executive



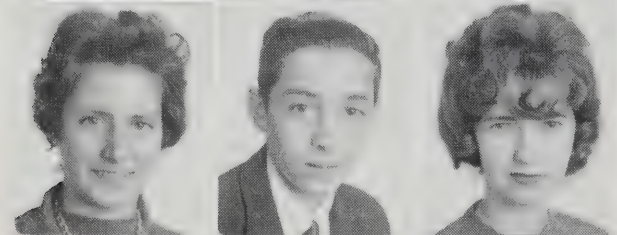
Stephen Hall	Pancho	Eating	Chemist
Gerard LaMontagne	Jerry	Hockey	Accountant
Maureen Latini		Sewing	Nurse



Joann Laufer	Jo	Dancing	Hairdresser
Sharon MacIver	Wiggles	Radio	Secretary
Maureen McGinn	Moe	Boating	Veterinarian



Judith Moffett	Judy	Casting My Time Away	Nurse
James Mood	Woody	Swimming	Mortician
Barbara Morris	Barb	Radio	Florist



Suellen Nason	Sue	Sewing	Secretary
Jeffrey Naugler	Big Nuge	Shooting	Commercial Pilot
Barbara O'Brien	Barbie	Dancing	Hairdresser



Donna Pousland	Don	Watching TV	Secretary
Pamela Rix	Pam	Bowling	Secretary
Lucy Sciucco		Reading	Stenographer



Bruce Selin		Skiing	Engineer
Carla Spear	Boobs	Records	
Jeanne Thibault	Jean	Radio	Secretary



Carmella Tosi	Cammie	Dancing	Stewardess
James Trowt	Fish	Sports	Phys. Ed. Teacher
Joan Van Arsdale	Joany	Radio	Horse Trainer

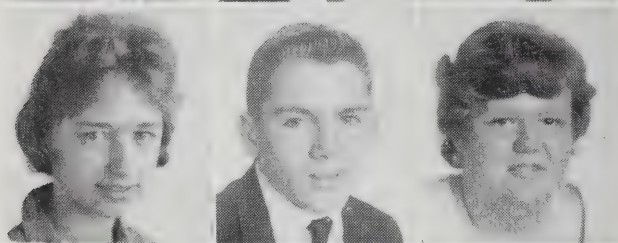


Name	Nickname	Hobby	Vocation
Linda Wendell		Walking My Dog	Secretary
Noreen Blair	Nibs	Sports	Designer
Mary Bouchard	Boo-Boo	Sports	Hairdresser
Carol Boucher	Fudgy	Eating	Stenographer
Margaret Brewer	Margie	Reading	Secretary
Eileen Brunet	Red	Baby Sitting	Secretary
Kathleen Burke	Kathie	Sports	Model
Donna Chase	Chase	Records	Secretary
Leslie Chase	Little Devil	Dancing	Hairdresser
Susan Daley	Sue	Dancing	Secretary
Sharon Field		Radio	Secretary
Ellen Fraser		Sports	Secretary
Victoria Galui	Vickie	Baby Sitting	Secretary
Susan Gauvin	Genie	Dancing	Secretary
Doris Hart		Radio	Secretary
Cynthia Haskell	Mousey	Eating	Hairdresser
Brenda Lawrence		Television	Secretary
Janice Leck	Jan	Dancing	Secretary
Anne May	Mike-ski	Dancing	Secretary
Patricia McMahon	Al-ski	Dancing	Hairdresser
Nancy Murphy	Murphe	Sports	
Jacqueline Nelson	Jackie	Sports	Secretary
Henrietta Pelletier	Etta	Radio	Stewardess
Linda Perry	Perry	Records	Stewardess
Frank Peters	Peaches	Sports	Business
Susanne Pszeny	Sue	Radio	Housewife
Margaret Smith	Magee	Boys	Model





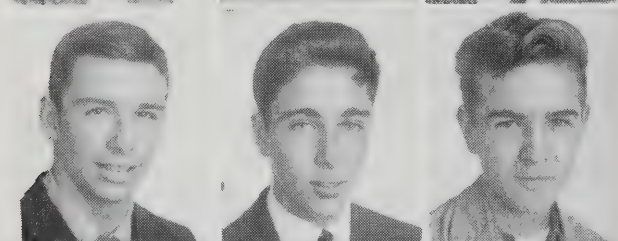
Name	Nickname	Hobby	Vocation
Paul Sosnowski	Sez	Sleeping	Air Force
Kenneth Spear	Blabbit		
Ann Stuart	Stu	Boys	Nurse



Beverly Surels	Bev	Telephone	Secretary
David Tomeo	Herc	Sports	Gym Instructor
Anita Ward	Nita	Boys	Nurse



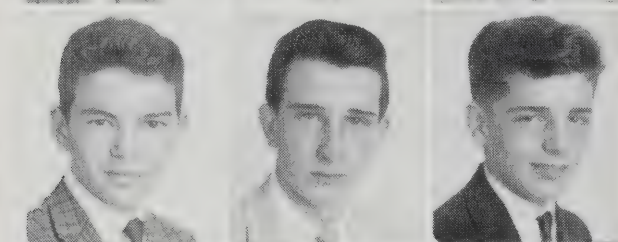
Roger Wiley	Skip	Sports	Engineer
Judith Woodfin		Riding	Child Welfare
Frank Appolloni		Sports	Machinist



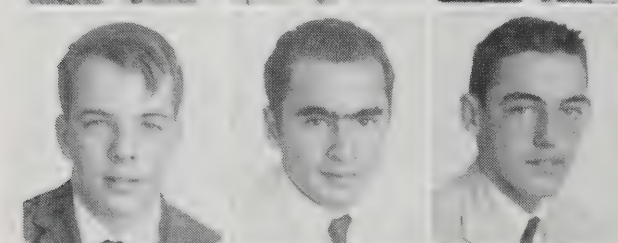
Mario Bertone	Marty	Sports	Navy
Donald S. Blake	Scott	Hockey	Phys. Ed. Teacher
Richard Blanchard	Dick	Skindiving	Printer



Alan Bowden	Bowdonian	Work	Merchant
Donald Bullerwell	Don	Cars	Mechanic
Richard Collins	Pinky	Reading	Machinist



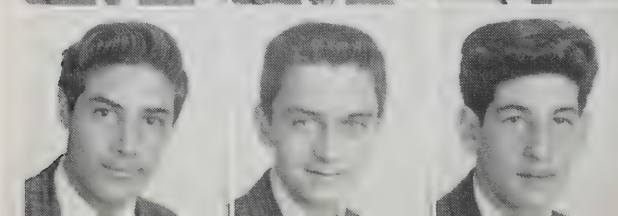
Richard Donahue	Don	Drum Corps	President
Ronald Gallagher	Ron	Playing Guitar	Carpenter
Ronald Gauthier		Sports	Electrician



Joseph Gillis	Joe	Loafing	Pilot
James Holland	Jim	Baseball	Auto Repair
John Hutchinson	Hutch	Boats	Engineer



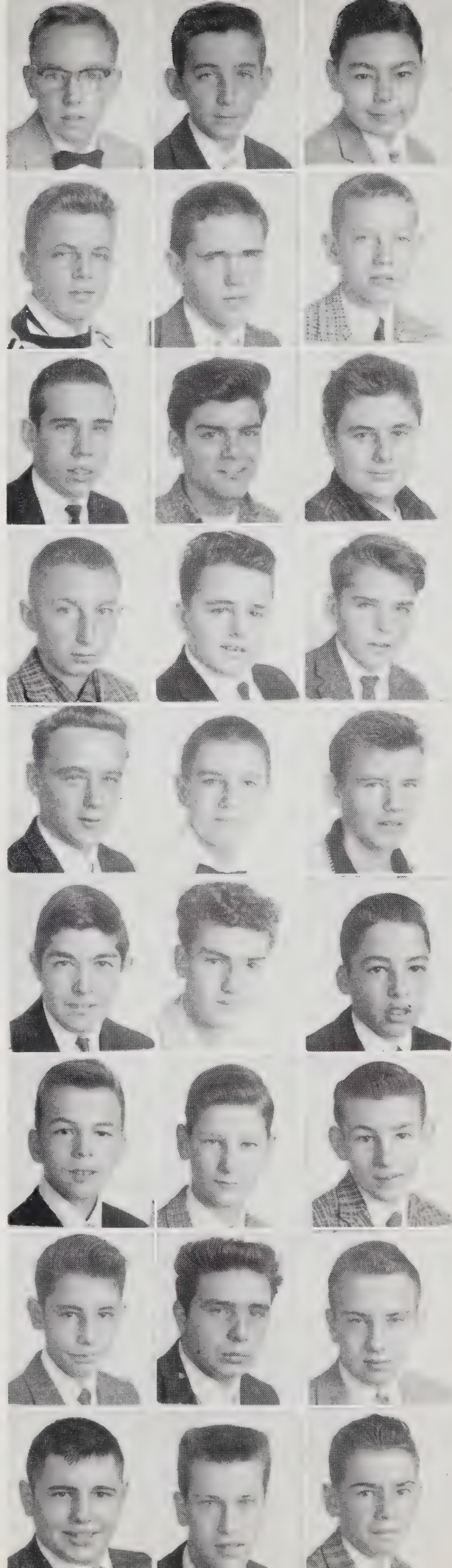
Christy Kariores	Chris	Outdoor Sports	Commercial Pilot
John Kramer		Drum Corps	Machinist
Richard LaRoche	Dick	Drum Corps	Carpentry

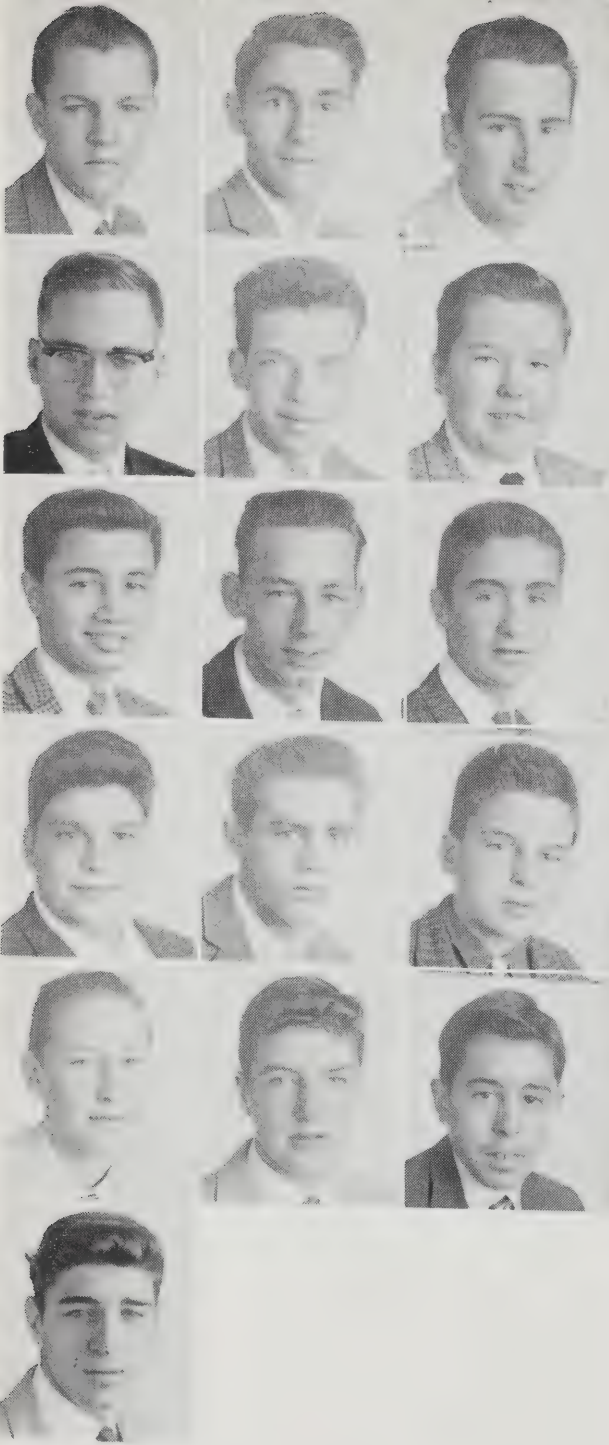


Richard Latini	Rickey	Stamp Collect.	Pilot
Ronald LeBlanc	Ronnie	Football	Machinist
Eugene LeClair	Gene	Sports	Machinist



Name	Nickname	Hobby	Vocation
Albert Le Couter	Butch	School	Mechanic
Wilfred Lessard	Willy	Sports	Engineer
Dennis L' Italian	Denice	Boating	Carpenter
Richard Lomonte	Rick	Drum Corps	Priest
James Lundy	Jim		
William MacKenzie	Bill	Homing Pigeons	Carpenter
Robert Norris	Bob	Swimming	Phys. Ed. Teacher
Charles Ogreni	Snapper	Billiards	Machinist
Kenneth Phipps	Kenny	Boating	Maritime Acad.
David Preston		Sports	Carpenter
Brian Sinclair		Sports	Veterinarian
Gordon Sinclair	Sudsy	Sports	Veterinarian
Gary Smith	Smythe	Sports	Commercial Art
Charles Tarsook	Chuck	Making Models	Cabinetmaker
Ronald Theriault	Ron	Loafing	Mechanic
Charles Varnavas	Mickey	Boating	Navy
Donald Ames	Seymore	Sports	Carpenter
Alfred Amore	Al	Drum Corps	Technician
Daniel Butler	Dan	Fishing	Printer
Earl Bulmer	Boom	Model Cars	Mechanic
Michael Carroll	Mike	Sports	Patternmaker
James Casale	Jim	Bowling	Machinist
Nicholas Chiormitro	Argo	Sleeping	Business
Peter Colbert	Pete	Bowling	Carpenter
Raymond Conant	Ray	Bowling	Bowl. Alley Wkr.
John Coughlin	Jack	Playing Pool	Marines
Lawrence Crampsey	Larry	Sports	Printer





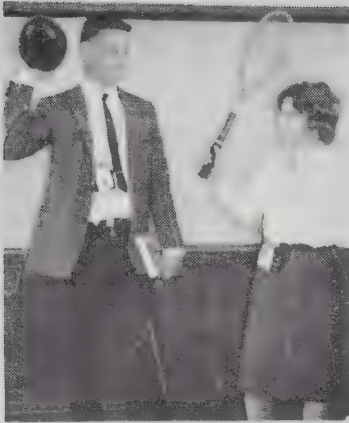
Name	Nickname	Hobby	Vocation
David Crowell	Sparrow	Playing Pool	Carpenter
David Day	Dave	Sleeping	Carpenter
William Dean	Wilber	Lobstering	United Shoe
Phillip DuBois	Phil	Music	Machinist
Anthony Furnari	Bubalouie	Pool	Patternmaker
Steven Jones	Stevie	Sleeping	Cabinetmaker
Thomas Mazzaglia	Tom	Television	Carpenter
John Michalski	Ray	Drum Corps	Navy Frogman
Richard Minigan	Dick	Bowling	Machinist
Anthony Patti	Tony	Working	Contractor
Earl Sanford	Early	Ice Skating	U. S. Army
Sherman Smart	Sherm	Music	Music Supervisor
Walter Smith	Wally	Football	Electrician
Arthur Tower	Jim	Sports	Carpenter
Joseph Vaccaro	Jose	Model Cars	Machinist
William Weston	Eric	Bowling	Shop Teacher

## NO PICTURES

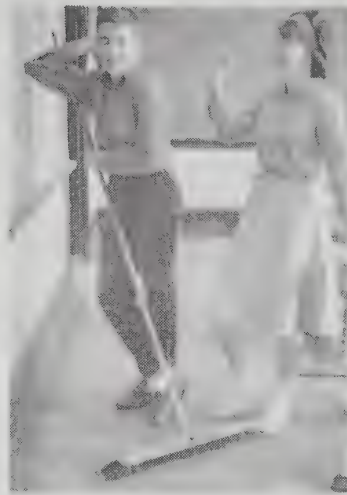
Name	Nickname	Hobby	Vocation
Wayne King	Kingfish	Bowling	Mechanic
Richard Lomonte	Rick	Drum Corps	Machinist
Leonard Murphy		Sports	Chemist
Steven Roberts	Steve	Hockey	Lawyer
Georgina Russo	George	Swimming	Teacher



# *Best of '62*



**MOST VERSATILE**  
Bruce Butterworth  
Gail Shepard



**CONTRIBUTED MOST TO BRISCOE**  
Vance Garry  
Kay Datillo



**FRIENDLIEST**  
Harry Clark  
Janet Burrow



**BEST DRESSED**  
Mark Glovsky  
Carmella Tosi



**MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED**  
Robert Ossoff  
Patricia Hubbard



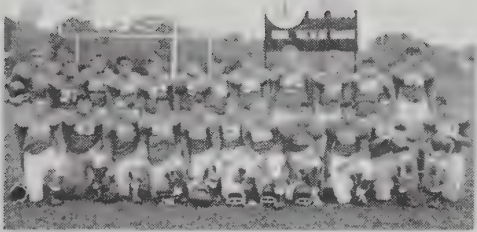
**WITTIEST**  
Jane Foley  
Kenneth Spear



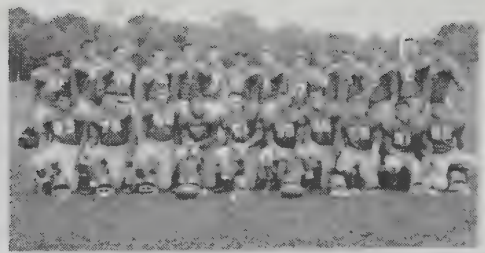
**BEST LOOKING**  
Nancy Charland  
Clayton Bixbee



**BEST ATHLETE**  
David Tomeo  
Diane Tanguay



Before Football Practice



Briscoe's Varsity Football Team



Cheerleaders — YEA, BRISCOE!



Football Squad



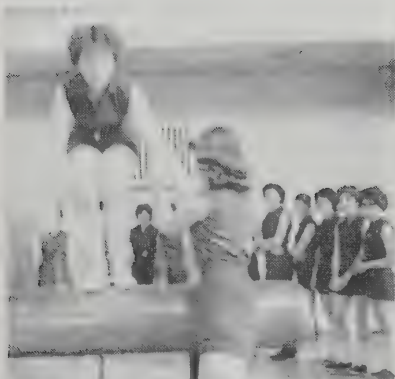
Wrestling in Gym



On the Sidelines



Fritzi the Mascot



Girls' Gym at the Y



Briscoe Plays Memorial



Physically Fit



# Sports

## BRISCOE FOOTBALL

BRISCOE'S football team for 1961 completed its season with a split record of three wins and three losses. The team produced some hard running backs and a strong defense. The offense clicked smoothly through most of the season, led by quarterback and co-captain Dave Tomeo. The defense was spirited by Bruce Butterworth and Barry Black.

Briscoe opened its season against Gloucester at Gloucester. Misfiring and fumbles cost Briscoe its chances to score on two different occasions. The Gloucester freshmen scored once in every quarter, defeating Briscoe 22-0.

Briscoe's first home game was played against the Salem freshmen. Briscoe's offense displayed a well-balanced attack, which was a complete reverse of the week before. Briscoe scored two touchdowns in the second period and one each in the third and fourth quarters, blanking the Salem freshmen 28-0.

In the third game of the season Briscoe squared off against St. John's Prep. It was a hard-fought and evenly matched game until the last forty-five seconds when St. John's managed to slip a pass by Briscoe's defense to hand Briscoe its second defeat of the year by a score of 12-6.

Briscoe won its fourth game by a comfortable margin. They scored once in every quarter, defeating Saugus 22-6.

Briscoe traveled for its fifth game of the season to Lynn to meet Lynn Western. This was probably the most evenly matched game all season. It was a nothing to nothing deadlock up to the closing minutes when a fumble proved costly to Briscoe who lost by a score of 6-0.

The final and all important game for Briscoe was against inter-city Memorial Junior High. This game displayed the ability of teamwork and resulted in a score of 8-6, scored on a pass from Copelas to Bertone for the touchdown and a pass from Tomeo to Butterworth for the extra two points. Briscoe's scoring was done in the second period. Memorial scored its six points early in the third quarter but Briscoe's defense prevented their tying the game on a pass.

WILLIAM CONSONE 8-1

ANTHONY PIZZO 9-6

## CHEERLEADERS

This year the fourteen energetic girls who led our football team to victory were headed by Diane Tanguay, head cheerleader. The other girls on the squad were Barbara Barnett, Kathleen Burke, Kay Datillo, Susan Freedman, Barbara Kanter, Patricia Hubbard, Linda Liporto, Kathleen Nimblett, Paula Rust, Gloria Salvanelli, Gail Shepard, Pamela Story, and Nancy Tardiff.

These girls gave up much of their leisure to practice in the auditorium with Mrs. Zani and to cheer at the games. The cheerleaders were chosen, through stiff competition between eighth and ninth graders, by Mrs. Zani. Only the very best were chosen and the sight of those girls heartened our boys and encouraged them on to victory many times.

GERI LAVENTIS 9-1

PAULA POLANSKY 9-1

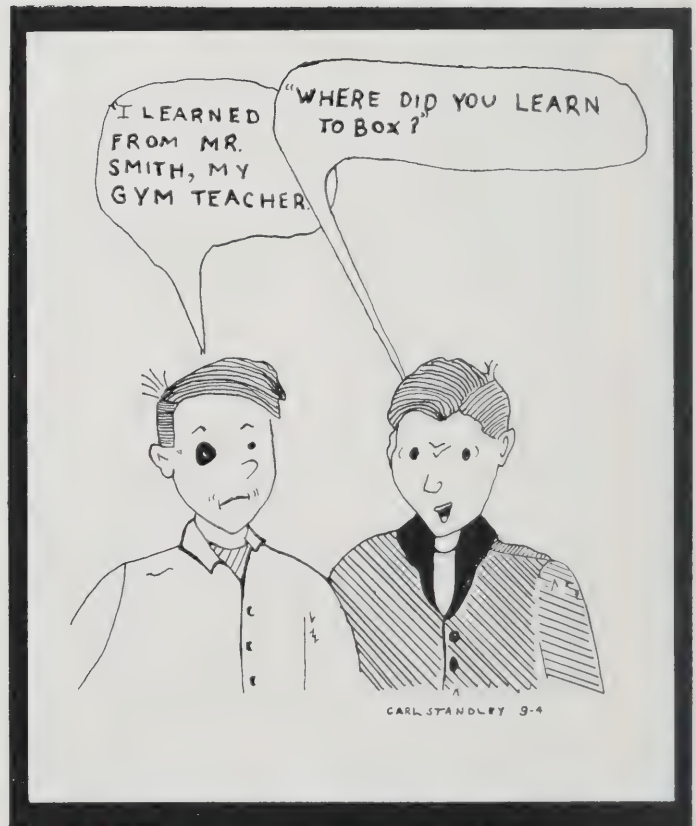
## BASEBALL

AS soon as March 21 rolled around, Briscoe conversation centered on baseball. Interested boys donned gloves to catch and toss. Baseball activity entered into full swing.

Behind the plate working hard is Thomas Roccio, Bruce Butterworth, George Copelas, and Patrick Ahearn are in there hurling. Awaiting a vital throw from the infield are Bruce Butterworth, George Copelas, and Paul Bonaventura at first base. David Tomeo, Charles Twombly, William Consone, Arthur Bell, Patrick Ahearn, Ronald Recina, Andrew McKown, and Jeff Austin are infielders who provide Briscoe with sufficient defense against ground balls. Long fly balls are well taken care of by our outfielders James Trowt, Steve Frasca, Donald Ames, Roger Wiley, Steve Roberts, Anthony Black, Jerry Vaccaro, Frank Mercurio, Gordon Dove, and Wayne Wentworth. These athletes are working hard to provide a successful baseball season for the Briscoe Junior High School. Good luck!

JEFFREY RUDSTEN 7-4

# Cartoons





# Humor

## DEDICATIONS

"Town Without Pity" to Beverly  
"Shout" to Nancy M. from the kids  
"Teach Me To Twist" to the kids from Mr.  
Gilboard  
"Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavor" to  
Cammie from the Teachers  
"The Happy Feeling" on Graduation Day  
"Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" Freshman Girls  
"Where The Boys Are" at the High School  
"Fortune Tellers" the Guidance Counselors  
"After Dark" at the Sea Wall  
"Mashed Potato Time" in B.J.H. cafeteria  
"Baby It's You" to C. O. from S. B.  
"Village of Love" to Beverly  
"Uptown" on weekends  
"Think" to the kids from the Teachers  
"Running Scared" on Report Card Day  
"Grounded" after Report Card Day  
"Goodbye to Toyland" to Briscoe from the  
Kids  
"Let Me In" to the High School from the  
Ninth Graders  
"Fools Hall of Fame" Office  
"Don't Read the Letter" to Mrs. Fawver from  
her students  
"Jimmy's Girl" to Sheryl Amos  
"Dixie Twist" to Janet B.  
"Cold Cold Winter" in Briscoe  
"Surfin' " at Rice's  
"My Kind of Girl" to D. T. from S. F.  
"The Writing on the Wall" at Briscoe

BARBARA BARNETT 9-5

SUZANNE BROWN 9-7

## CHEERS

Kruschev is a Commie  
As red as he can be,  
Thank heaven he is in Russia  
Across the bounding sea.

The execution doors are open  
With Kruschev next in line;  
The men are set, the guns are raised,  
The world will toast his death with wine.

SCOTT NELSON 9-6

## EGGHEAD COLUMN

1. He married his wife
2. Old Antiques
3. Actual fact
4. Honest truth
5. I have a friend of mine
6. The reason is because
7. Wealthy rich
8. Luminous light
9. Opposing rival
10. Dead Corpse
11. A. C. Current
12. Interrogative question
13. Mental thoughts
14. Retreat back
15. Past memories
16. Round circles
17. Prehistoric animals of the past
18. New novelty
19. Poison arsenic
20. Hostile war
21. Single one
22. Faulty error
23. Intoxicated drink
24. Foggy mist
25. Dark black
26. Sweet sugar
27. Royal queen
28. Light heavyweight champion

This is the final end!

SUSAN WALES 9-6

JEANETTE STRAHL 9-6

## WHAT IF?

There weren't a Brigham's?  
Harry C. couldn't smile?  
There weren't any junior boys?  
Ronnie G. had a wiffle?  
D. Tomeo didn't like sports?  
Patty H. got a "B"?  
S. G. came back to Briscoe?  
Karen M. couldn't turn red?  
J. Miller didn't like royalty?  
Mr. Hopkinson drove up the hill under 80  
M.P.H.?  
S. Frasca hadn't come to Briscoe?  
Janet B. was a Yankee?  
Glenna didn't have parties?  
Susie B. didn't like onions?

SUZANNE BROWN 9-7

# Cartoons





## WILD BOOT CREAM OIL CHARLIE

IT was almost time for supper, and Mike was nowhere to be found. We had searched everywhere for him. We looked in the closets, the attic, the cellar, underneath tables, and in the yard. We called up about twenty-seven neighbors, to find out if they had seen him that afternoon.

There was only one thing left to do, call the police! My father called the police station, and told the chief of police what had happened. The chief of police said that he would send Officer O'Riley down right away. Finally, Officer O'Riley arrived. He had red hair, blue eyes, and was rather tall.

My father and Officer O'Riley went to look for Mike outside, while my mother and I looked for him inside.

My mother heard a noise. It seemed to be coming from Mike's room. She ran into Mike's room, and underneath the bed, she found Mike. How happy she was to find him.

She told Mike to stay where he was, while she ran out to call father and Officer O'Riley. Father was very pleased to find out that they had found Mike.

They asked Mike why he was hiding. He wouldn't answer. They pleaded with him for about an hour, until, finally, he said, "Promise you won't tell Bob." (Bob is his older brother).

"Yes, Yes!" said Mother and Father. "We promise we won't tell Bob."

"I.....I used Bobby's Wild Boot Cream Oil!" said Mike.

My mother and father almost fainted to think that Mike had the whole family and a police officer worrying about him and looking all afternoon for him because he used Bobby's cream oil.

JENNIFER BATES 7-2

## HALLOWEEN

Once a year on Halloween,  
Spooks and goblins are often seen,  
Ghosts and black cats, devils, too;  
Even witches with their brew.  
And the children roam the streets  
With their bags for tricks or treats.

THEODORE K. SYMONDS 7-7

## ADVERTISING ANONYMOUS

Dubonet red — Dubonet blond? Only her hair-dresser knows for sure.

Crust proved 47% effective against teeth.

Aspirin in a new large tablet — Vip.

Red Hart — if only people could eat this good!

Look for the spear and turn left in your new Ford Falcon.

Never go to bed without a cold.

It writes on butter — Fashion Stick by Helena Rubens.

People who like people give free H. & S green stamps.

What's wrong with me anyway? Maybe its your Cuban cigars.

This nasalgraph shows there are 1,000 millimicrons in every Chunky.

Common Cold — so spreadable it's incredible (Mommy always says).

Buy Home Handyman Books and learn how to make the Vicejoy V.

Look for the Mermaid and hear her say, "Gee I wish I was people."

Busy women love Coldgate — It's the very next thing to onion and garlic sauce.

"Sugar in the morning, sugar in the evening, sugar at suppertime." Brush your teeth.

When you find that your laundry is drenched in creamy milk chocolate and covered with a thin candy shell — throw it out.

With every sofa and two chairs sent to us, we give you one free green stamp.

If you had read this message 60 seconds ago, it already would have taken effect.

SUSAN WALES 9-6

JEANETTE STRAHL 9-6

## TO OUR ADVERTISERS

ON behalf of the students of Briscoe Junior High School, the business managers of the **Briscoe Briefs** thank the advertisers for their support.

We know that the students and their families will show their gratitude through patronage of these establishments.

MARK GLOVSKY  
Business Manager

RICHARD GILMAN  
Assistant Manager

JEFFREY RUDSTEN  
Assistant Manager

# Life at Briscoe



Is it that boring, Ellie?



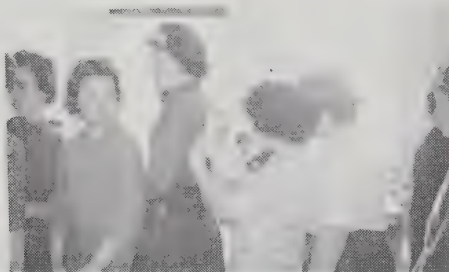
"The Thinker"



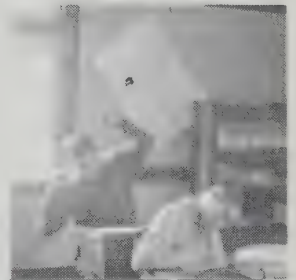
Hold it!



And now for a short quiz



-Hold still while I finish my French



S-t-r-e-t-c-h!



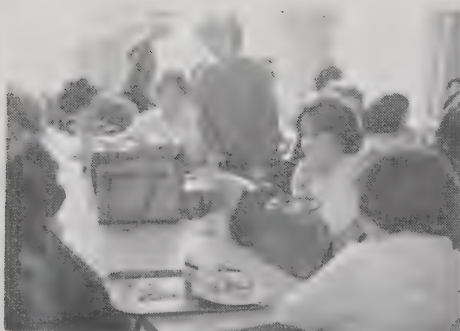
Hi, Boys!



This tastes good like a pencil should.



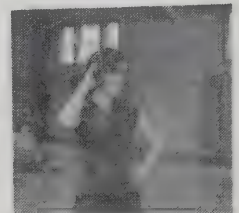
Ooooh!



Mouthwatering morsels



A termite's view - Room 36



Camera-shy



Speak up, dearie!



# *Autographs*

This issue of the "Briscoe Briefs"  
printed at the office of

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**THE CRICKET PRESS, INC.**

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MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA, MASS.

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228 CABOT STREET  
Flowers Telegraphed World Wide



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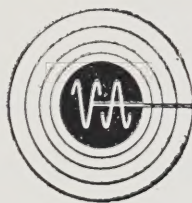
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